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THE JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK FIVE

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THE

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BOOK FIVE

BY

L. H. JONES, A.M.

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PREFACE

In the fifth grade pupils have the power to appreciate more fully than before connected discourse. The reading matter may therefore be chosen with a closer regard for its place in literature.

The selections in this book it is believed have been drawn from the best sources available for young readers. Attention is called to the fact that nearly all the selections used are organic parts of larger literary wholes, to which the notice and interest of pupils will naturally be directed through the reading of these selected parts. Great care has been taken that the part chosen in each case shall constitute an artistic unit, while still sustaining its organic relation to the work from which it is taken. Much study has also been given to the kind and range of ideas embodied.

This book has a distinctly moral bearing, assisting the young to form right ideas of life and conduct. Every form of laudable human aspiration and endeavor is represented in some appropriate concrete form, and every noble impulse is reënforced by its appropriate stimulus.

The notes and explanations accompanying the lessons will, it is believed, assist much in the right understanding of the selections.

The selections from John Burroughs, John Fiske, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Florence Merriam, William Vaughn Moody, James Parton, Charles M. Skinner, Celia Thaxter, and John G. Whittier are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

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JONES READERS BY GRADES

Book Five

PATRASCHE

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE is an English author, whose work is of uneven merit. Some of her short stories are exquisite bits of literature.

NOTE. — Patrasche is the name of the noble dog whose story is told in a little book called "A Dog of Flanders."

He was a dog of Flanders, — yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled from sire to son in Flanders many a century, — slaves of slaves, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the gall of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

The owner of Patrasche was a sullen, brutal man, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and other wares, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side, smoking his pipe and stopping at every wine shop on the road. Happily for Patrasche — or unhappily — he was very strong; so that

he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses, and the exhaustion which are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their four-footed victims. One day, after two years of his long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Antwerp. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows, and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun; he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy, — kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, offered to him. But

Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, his owner kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road uphill.

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by. After a time, amongst the holiday makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame and very feeble. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor, great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met, — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness

passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they two had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long, with grave, tender, musing brown

eyes, watching the movements of his friends. Now, the old man could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity, — more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry, or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. The old man resisted long, for he was one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsaid: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length old Jehan gave way, vanquished by the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward. When the winter came, the old man thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch; for he would ill have known how to pull his load over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would, — to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Abridged.

Patrasche (pȧ-trash'eh). — **Flanders**: an old country of Europe, now divided among Belgium, France, and Holland. — **the gall of the cart**: the hard work that produced sores or galls. — **Flem'ings**: the inhabitants of Flanders. — **Jehan** (ye-hän'): John, in English. — **marguerites**: daisies. — **league**: a Dutch league is a little more than four miles.

AFTER BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

ROBERT SOUTHEY[1] (1774–1843) was a famous English author and poet.

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

[1] Sowth'y or süth'y.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a tender mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

. . . . . .

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;"
"Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin: —
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory."

Blenheim (blĕn'ĭm): a battle fought in 1704 at Blenheim, in Bavaria, in which the Duke of Marlborough, a great English general, and Prince Eugene of Savoy, defeated the French and Bavarians. — **Wilhelmine**: vil'hel-mēn. — **many thousand**: 30,000 were killed or wounded.

MANŠTIN, THE RABBIT

ZITKALA-ŠA

ZITKALA-ŠA (zit-kä'la-shä) is a young Indian woman whose account of her childhood and school days was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1900. When she was eight years old she left her home on a Dakota reservation to go to school in the East. Her heart is in the work of bettering the condition of her people.

NOTE. — This is a story told to Indian children on winter evenings.

Manštin, the rabbit, was hunting. Suddenly he came upon the edge of a wide brook and his alert eye caught sight of a rawhide rope staked by the water's brink.

"Ah!" exclaimed Manštin, bending over the freshly made footprints in the moist bank of the brook. "A man's footprints! A blind man lives in yonder hut! This rope is his guide by which he comes for water."

Manštin's eyes became fixed upon the solitary dwelling and hither he followed the rope. Quietly he lifted the door-flap and entered in. An old toothless grandfather, blind and shaky with age, sat upon the ground. He was not deaf, however. He heard the entrance of the stranger and demanded his name.

"I am Manštin," answered the rabbit, looking about with curious eyes. "Tell me, I beg of you, what is in those buckskin bags placed against the tent poles?"

"My child, those are full of dried buffalo meat and venison. They are magic bags and never grow empty. Because I am blind and cannot go hunting I have these magic bags of choice food."

Then the old man pulled at the rope which lay by his right hand. "This leads me to the brook where I drink! and this," he said, turning to one on his left, "takes me into the forest, where I feel about for sticks for my fire."

"What luxury!" sighed Manštin. "If I were you I would lean back against a tent pole, and with crossed feet I would smoke sweet willow bark the rest of my days."

"Ah, my child, your eyes are your luxury," said the old man.

"I would give them both for your place," cried Manštin.

"Very well," said the old man gravely, "so be it. Take out your eyes and give them to me. Henceforth you are at home here in my stead."

Quickly Manštin took out both his eyes, and the old man, putting them on, went off rejoicing. Truly it was good to see once more.

Meanwhile the blind rabbit filled his pipe with sweet willow bark and leaned lazily against the tent pole.

"How delightful this is!" he said to himself.

Presently, however, he grew thirsty, and he could find no water in the small dwelling. Taking one of the

rawhide ropes he started toward the brook to quench his thirst. But as he was young he was unwilling to trudge slowly in the old man's footpath. He was full of glee, for it had been many moons since he had tasted such good food. So he skipped along, jerking the old



rawhide spasmodically, till all of a sudden it gave way and Manštin fell headlong into the water.

The water was cold and the bank was slippery, so that he was exhausted and disgusted before he finally found the old stake and the footpath. He crawled cautiously along until he reached the wigwam, where he sat with chattering teeth and aching limbs.

The sun had set and the night air was chilly, but there was no firewood in the dwelling. Manstin bravely tried the other rope. Soon he stumbled into thickly strewn dry willow sticks. Eagerly with both hands he gathered the wood into his outspread blanket.

When he had a large heap he tied two opposite ends of the blanket together and lifted the bundle upon his back; but, alas! he had unconsciously dropped the rope and now he was lost in the woods. With a bold face he made a start at random. In a moment he found himself held fast in a tangle of vines so that he could not get away.

"I am lost in the woods," he cried, "and the old grandfather has gone off with my eyes." But even while he lamented the old man appeared. "Here, Manstin," he said, "take back your eyes. I knew you would not be content in my stead, but I wanted you to learn your lesson. I have had pleasure seeing with your eyes and trying your bow and arrows, but since I am old and feeble I much prefer my own wigwam and my magic bags."

So the old grandfather sat down by the tent pole and filled his pipe with sweet willow bark. But Manstin, with his own bright eyes fitted into his head again, went on happily to hunt in the North Country.

Adapted from "Old Indian Legends."

Manstin: Mansh'tin.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

James Russell Lowell

Lowell, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers," which had undoubted influence in political questions. Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. As American representative abroad he was popular for his tact and courtesy and ready address. He died in 1891.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

Note. — According to the Greek myth, Apollo, the god of music, was condemned by Jove, whom he had offended, to serve a mortal for a year. Apollo entered the service of King Admetus and took care of his flocks.

There came a youth upon the earth,
  Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
  Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
  He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
  Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
  Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
  To hear between the cups of wine!

His words were simple words enough,
  And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
  In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
  In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
  They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
  For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
  Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
  Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
  He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their firstborn brother as a god.



THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864) was one of the greatest literary artists America has produced. For an account of his life see Book IV, page 21. Among his best-known books are "The Marble Faun," "Twice Told Tales," "The House of Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter."

Note. — This lesson is taken from a longer story in "The Wonder Book." It is founded on a famous Greek myth.

Once upon a time there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of. I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face.

The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well, — pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone.

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so very broad that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun.

"Be it as you wish," he replied, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. He started up with the first sunbeam in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted



golden pillar. He pulled aside a window curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth. He went downstairs and into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom. He took great pains in going from bush to bush until every flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas I really do not know. To the best of my belief, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming in order to begin his own breakfast. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand in which was one of the roses.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her; "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, oh dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweet and had so many lovely blushes are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

"Poh, my dear little girl, pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffeepot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that the instant his lips touched the liquid it became molten gold.

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it when it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a similar change. King Midas next snatched a hot potato and attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burned his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burned your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!" So great was his hunger and the perplexity of his situation that he again groaned aloud. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father and trying with all the might of her little wits to find out what was the matter with him. Then with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead a change had taken place. Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure room, and had bestowed on him the Golden Touch.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you. Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most, — the gift of the Golden Touch or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no

longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the riverside. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. Perceiving a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek! and how she began to sneeze and sputter! and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before.

molten: melted.

KING CANUTE

William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) was born in India. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse.

Note. — Canute was king not only of England but of Scotland, Denmark, and the Northern Islands as well. He died in 1035.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

On that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young:
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung,
And the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master!" cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal!"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 't is not that I feel.

"'T is the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied.
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

"Sure Your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do 't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,

And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?"
Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly
ride?



If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the
tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make
the sign?"

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."

Canute turned toward the ocean. "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

Abridged.

Canute': properly accented on the last syllable, but notice those lines in which the meter seems to require the accent on the first. — **Keeper of the Seal**: an officer of state who had custody of the great seal. — **prith'ee**: I pray thee. — **the Jewish captain**: Joshua; see Joshua x. 12–14.

THE BLESSINGS OF POVERTY

J. G. HOLLAND

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819–1881), whose pen name was Timothy Titcomb, was an American writer of some note. He wrote poems and novels and several volumes of advice to young people.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates starting life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor faithfully performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. . . .

If you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of

yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you *do?* That is the question that settles the business for you.

MARCO POLO

NINA MOORE TIFFANY

MRS. NINA MOORE TIFFANY is an American writer. Her historical stories for children are very popular.

More than six hundred years ago Marco Polo, then only a young boy, set out on a long and dangerous journey with his father and his father's brother.

Venice was the home of the Polos. The city for which they were bound was one which no other Venetian had ever seen; it was Peking, the city of the Great Khan, in the Far East.

Marco Polo became a great favorite at the court of the Khan. As he grew older he was sent to many parts of the empire to attend to important matters; and he made notes of what he saw, that he might report everything aright on his return.

He went to the southern part of China, which had been conquered by the Khan, and found it a country studded with cities, and having gold, silver, silks, sugar, spices, and perfumes in plenty.

The city of the Great Khan, that in which he held his court in winter, was itself a very splendid one. The palace, or rather group of palaces, was four miles in circuit. Within, it shone with silver and with gold. In its spacious rooms were guarded precious jewels.

Pearls, perfumes, and rich stuffs for garments filled the shops of the Peking merchants. Scarce a day passed that there did not arrive hundreds of bales of silk for the making of satin, damask, and velvets.

For seventeen years the three Venetians lived at the court of the Great Khan; he loaded them with favors, and they gathered to themselves much wealth. There came a day, however, when they wished to return to Italy. The Khan was loath to have them go, but at last consented. On parting with his guests he gave them rich jewels and also tablets of gold on which were written orders that would secure them food and shelter in all parts of his domain.

The ships which carried the travelers swept along the coast of China, crossed the Bay of Bengal, touched at the island of Ceylon, and arrived at Ormuz after eighteen months on Indian seas.

The Polos then left their ships and prepared for a long journey through countries overrun by robber bands of savage men. In order that they might seem too humble to be attacked they dressed themselves as Tartars of the poorest sort, but sewn into the seams and folds of their coarse Tartar garments were countless gems of untold worth. All the wealth which they had brought with them from the court of the Khan was hidden away thus beneath the rough robes which they put on for their journey.

In this same guise of wandering Tartars they arrived at Venice. They went to their old home, but the members of the family received them coldly. These bronzed, wild-looking strangers, claiming to be the Nicholas, Maffeo, and Marco, who had not been seen for seventeen years, found scant welcome among their friends.

But the three travelers knew how to alter that. They invited their kinsfolk and friends to a feast. The guests found their hosts no longer the ragged adventurers they had at first seemed to be. Each was dressed in garments of crimson satin, such as he had worn in the East.

When water had been served for the washing of hands, and the company were summoned to table, the travelers, who had retired, appeared again in still richer robes of crimson damask. The first dresses were then cut up and given to the servants.

After the first course was served the hosts again retired, and came in dressed in crimson velvet. Then the damask dresses were given away. The same was done at the end of the feast with their velvet robes, and then they appeared in the Venetian dress of the day.

Marco Polo now brought forth the coarse Tartar dresses in which the three travelers had arrived. Slashing them in several places with a knife, and ripping open the seams and linings, he displayed the rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones, which had been carried in this manner through the perils of their long journey.

The company were out of their wits with amazement, and now saw that these in truth were those honored gentlemen, the Polos, and paid them great respect and reverence.

Some months after their return, Marco Polo, in a battle with some Genoese, was taken prisoner, thrown in irons, and carried to Genoa. While waiting for his liberty he wrote a history of his travels, which set the whole world talking of the marvels he had seen. He was at last set free and returned to Venice.

Adapted from Irving.

Kublai Khan (koo'blī kän): the founder of the Mongol dynasty in China; died in 1296. — **Or'muz**: an island in the Persian Gulf, small and barren, but famous in ancient times as a commercial center. — **Tartars**: the Ta-ta Mongols of the ninth and tenth centuries moved westward toward the plains of Russia. The name Tartar finds its derivation here, though the modern Tartars of Russia show little trace of Mongolian blood.

THE DIVER

Mrs. Hemans

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born in England in 1793, and died in 1835. She was a popular writer of poetry, and her work is marked by unusual taste and feeling. "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" is one of her best-known poems.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
  Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
  Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
  And wrecks where the brave have striven:
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
  But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine:
  A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure grots for thee may shine
  To all besides unknown!

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!
  — And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought?
  O wrestler with the sea!

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?



None, none! — his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

Abridged.

hold: a safe place to keep treasure; a stronghold. — **riv'en**: broken. — **grots**: grottoes or caves.

THE DEATH OF BALDUR

NOTE. — According to Norse mythology Odin was the king of the gods. He dwelt in the great hall Valhalla, and here he feasted with the other gods and with his chosen heroes. Frigga, his wife, was the "all wise," and among his children were Thor and Freya, from whose names are derived our words Thursday and Friday. Loki was a mischief-maker, who delighted to bring the gods into trouble.

The following myth has furnished a theme for more than one poet.

Baldur the Good was unhappy. He was tormented with terrible dreams, and he felt sure that his life was in danger. He told his father Odin of his fears.

Odin and the other gods resolved to save their beloved Baldur from any possible misfortune. So Frigga, Odin's wife, went to all the beasts and birds, to all the trees and poisonous vines, to all the creeping things which destroy life, to all the stones and metals, to fire and to water, — and from all she claimed a promise that they would do no harm to Baldur.

And now the gods, feeling sure that Baldur's life was safe, amused themselves by throwing sticks and darts at him, some hurling spears and battle-axes in mere sport, for they thought that nothing could harm him. Wicked Loki, seeing that Baldur was not hurt, was sorely vexed.

"Why is it," he asked of Frigga, "that neither stones nor darts can do him harm?"

"Because all things have promised to spare him," said Frigga; "all except one tiny shrub called Mistletoe, which was so small and feeble that I claimed no promise from it."

Then Loki went to search for the mistletoe, and when he had found it he came again to where the gods were playing. There he found one standing apart from the rest.

"Why dost thou not throw something at Baldur?" asked Loki.

"Because I am blind," was the answer. "Moreover, I have nothing to throw."

"Come, then," said Loki, "here is a twig to throw, and I myself will direct thine arm."

So saying he led the blind god so near Baldur that when the mistletoe was thrown it pierced to his very heart and he fell down lifeless.

Then there was grief in the halls of Odin. Baldur was dead — Baldur the Beautiful.

"What will become of us," cried the people, "now that the sunlight is gone out of the world? We shall perish in the cold and the dark." And they went weeping to their homes, believing that joy could never come to them again.

And all the gods and heroes came, wailing for the dead. Nature sorrowed with them. The trees bent their heads and the leaves fell to the ground. The grass turned brown and no birds sang. The little creatures of wood

and meadow hid themselves in the trees or in the earth. The brooks and rivers were quiet and the blue waters of the lake turned white and cold.

Odin sat in his great hall, thoughtful and troubled.

"We must bring Baldur back," he cried. "He shall stay in the underworld no longer. Yet how can we persuade Queen Hela to give him up?"

"There may be a way," said the wise Frigga. "Let one of the gods take the horse Sleipnir and ride down over the dark, strange road to the underworld. If he arrives in safety, he must ask Queen Hela to give Baldur back to us."

"But who will dare to go on so fearful a journey?" the gods asked of one another.

"I dare," cried Hermod, Baldur's younger brother, famous for his swift running and for his horsemanship. "I will ride Sleipnir down to the underworld."

So when the morning came Hermod set out, riding Odin's gray horse Sleipnir. For nine days he rode through mist and fog, in glens so dark and wild that he could hardly see his way; for nine nights he rode through chilling winds and over rocky pathways. And at last he came to the gate of Queen Hela's castle. The drawbridge was up, the gate was shut, and there was no one in sight. Hermod whispered in his horse's ear.

"Good Sleipnir," he said, "do not fail me now. Bear me over the castle wall."

Then the gray horse sped like lightning down the path, gathered himself up for his great leap, and in another moment was flying over the wall into the courtyard.

All the doors of the castle were open, so Hermod went on into the dining hall. And there, at Queen Hela's right



hand, sat Baldur, more beautiful than ever. The hall seemed full of sunshine, so radiant was his presence. Even Queen Hela was no longer stern and forbidding, but gracious as a hostess should be.

The next morning Hermod told his story and begged that his brother might go back with him. "The whole world weeps for him," Hermod added.

"Is this really true?" asked Queen Hela. "Many of my subjects leave sorrowing friends at home."

"All mankind, all living things, even the trees and stones, shed tears for Baldur," said the loyal Hermod.

"This will I do," said Queen Hela, at length. "Prove to me that everything in the world mourns for Baldur, and I will give him up. But if a single thing refuses to weep for him, then he must stay with me."

Hermod was not quite satisfied with this promise, but he made ready to return, and in nine days more he gave the message to Odin. Then there was rejoicing among the gods. Surely no living thing would refuse to weep for Baldur. And so the word went forth through all the wide world.

Everywhere there was weeping for the lost Baldur. Men and beasts, trees and stones, ice and metals wept together — all but one old woman, who said, "Why should I weep for Baldur? Let him stay where he is."

One story says that Baldur was never allowed to return; but another says that Queen Hela was better than her word, and that for six months in every year Baldur lives in his own home and gladdens the earth with his presence. And this is why the sun is bright and warm, and beasts and birds and trees are happy from April to October; but during the rest of the year all growing things are sad and silent because Baldur is with Queen Hela.

MEN'S FIRST HOMES

EDWARD CLODD

EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. (1840–), is an English writer and scientist.

At first men lived in caves, which were hollowed out by water ages before any living thing dwelt here. Besides living in caves, holes were dug in the ground, a wall being made of the earth which was thrown out, and a covering of tree boughs put over it. Sometimes, where blocks of stone were found lying loosely, they were placed together, and a rude, strong kind of hut made in this way.

There have been found in lakes, especially in Swiss lakes, remains of houses which were built upon piles driven into the bed of the lake. The shape of many of these piles shows that they were cut with stone hatchets; and this proves that people lived in this curious fashion in very early times. It is thought that they did so to be freer from the attacks of their enemies and of wild beasts.

These lake-dwellers, as they are called (and they not only lived thus in the Stone Age, but there are people living in the same manner in the East Indies and other places at this day), made use of their stone hatchets to cut down trees and to kill such animals as the bear, wolf, and

wild boar. They had learned to fish with nets made of flax, which they floated with buoys of bark.

There have been found on the shores of Denmark, Scotland, and elsewhere, enormous heaps of what are called "kitchen middens." These were really the feeding places of the people who lived near those coasts, and are made up of piles of shells, largely those of the oyster, mussel, periwinkle, etc. With these there have also been found the bones of animals and birds, as well as flint knives and other things.

The three things which man would first need were food, fire, and shelter; and now you are perhaps wondering how these people of the Stone Age spoke to each other, and what words they used. This we shall never know; but we may be sure that they had some way of making their thoughts known, and that they learned to speak and write and count little by little, just as they learned everything else. They had some idea of drawing; for bones and pieces of slate have been found with rough sketches of the mammoth, bull, and other beasts scratched on them. These pictures witness to the truth that man is greater than the brutes; since no brute has yet been known to draw a picture, write an alphabet, or make a fire.

Abridged.

the Stone Age: a period in the early history of mankind when stone and bone were the only materials used for weapons and tools.

THE HERMIT CRAB

ELIZABETH R. CHARLES

MRS. ELIZABETH R. CHARLES (1828–1896) was an English writer. "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" is her best-known book.

NOTE. — This selection is taken from a little book called "The Song without Words."

The Child was eager to reach his friends and playfellows on the seashore. Much as he loved the trees and flowers and delicate mosses, he would soon have grown weary of their mute, quiet ways.

"Do you never wish to wander, and never long for change?" he said to them one day. "I wish I could take you with me to see some of the wonderful things there are in the world. You must not be grieved if I go."

But as he spoke a breeze shook the branches of the tree above him, and gently parting them, let in a whole train of sunbeams on the mossy bank. And the young fern leaves and the tender green mosses and the violets and all the flowers with the dewdrops on them sparkled in the sunshine and waved to and fro in the breeze and seemed to grow even as he looked at them. Then the Child comprehended that every creature had its own measure of gladness full, and tripped joyfully away. But when he reached the gleaming strip of sunny sand at the

foot of the rocks, he stepped more slowly and carefully, for all around him were his playfellows, and he often found some of them in want of his help.

This morning the shore was strewn with many well known to him, and some that were strange; for in the night the winds and waves had played rough gambols together, and had greatly disturbed many of the peaceful little dwellers in the deep.

The first thing he met was a sea anemone stranded high on the beach, folding all its pretty flower leaves into itself and making itself look as ugly as it could. But the Child knew it well; and he laid his hand on it to carry it into a safer place. The little red and green and orange ball resented his interference, rolled itself a little on one side, and tried to bury itself in the sand; but he gently carried it to a favorite pool of his among the rocks. There he laid it down near the edge, where the water was shallow, and in a few minutes it shot out its pretty feelers and rooted itself on the rock and expanded into a floral crown, — every petal striped with rose and fawn, every petal like a little busy finger, tossing to and fro in search of food and in the enjoyment of life.

He tripped back over the rocks to the beach, treading softly over the leaves of the large brown seaweeds, whilst their air bladders cracked cheerily under his feet; and on

his way he came across a little crab whose shy movements attracted his attention.

"Are you in trouble?" asked the Child gently. "Can I help you?"

The crab crept out of his hiding place on being thus courteously addressed, and, planting his two fore legs



round a pebble, looked up at the Child and opened his lips so wide that all his body seemed a mouth. Then clearing his voice gravely, he said: "There is no living in the sea in these times; the winds and waves are so inconsiderate and violent I don't know what will be the end of it. Yesterday morning I had found a most

convenient apartment, well plastered and furnished, so as to suit me to perfection. I had spent hours in hunting for such a lodging; but a large wave broke over me and dashed my house to pieces on the shore."

"What do you mean by *finding* your house?" said the Child. "Most of my friends here build their own."

"That is not my profession," said the crab; "none of our family were brought up to anything of the kind. Of course it is necessary that some people should be masons and carpenters, but we have all our work done for us."

"What do you do, then?" asked the Child.

The crab looked a little embarrassed, but he was too well-bred for this to last, so he replied: "We eat, and drink, and observe the world; we travel, and occasionally fight, and criticise what other people do. I assure you it is no idle life; so few people understand their own business."

The Child did not altogether like the tone of the crab's conversation, and he replied rather warmly: "I don't know what you mean. All my friends — the cockles, the whelks, and the limpets — do their work a great deal better than I could, and I like to watch them."

"Very likely," said the crab in a cool tone, for he was accustomed to good society; "the whelk family do indeed

build very comfortable little houses, quite suitable for people who travel as much as we do."

"You live in empty whelk shells, then!" said the Child.

"We move from one such residence to another," said the crab. "When we outgrow one, we leave it and hunt for another, and occasionally, when we find one still tenanted and cannot make the creature within understand our wants, especially if he begins to talk any nonsense about the rights of property and the claims of labor, we turn him out."

"That is stealing," said the Child indignantly.

"Excuse me," said the crab, "we call it conquest. We are soldiers on our own account — free companions. But I must be on my travels again; to-morrow, if you will call, we shall no doubt be able to renew our acquaintance under more agreeable circumstances."

And the soldier crab withdrew his long legs from the pebble and marched away.

"I do not call you a soldier," said the Child; "you fight for no one but yourself. I call you a housebreaker and a thief"; and he rose with a flushed face and went on his way lost in thought.

Abridged.

cockles, whelks, and **limpets**: small shellfish. Cockles have scalloped shells, whelks spiral, and limpets hat-shaped shells.

THE LIGHT OF STARS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō'd'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular not only in America but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,

Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Mars: the god of war in Latin mythology. — **star of love**: Venus.

ON THE WILD ROSE TREE

Richard Watson Gilder

Richard Watson Gilder is an American poet who has a keen interest in artistic, literary, and social progress. He has been for many years the editor of the *Century Magazine*.



On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

A SPRING DAY

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

MRS. JULIANA HORATIA ORR EWING (1842–1885) was an English story-writer whose work takes high rank. "The Story of a Short Life" and "Jackanapes" are among her best-known books.

NOTE. — This selection is from "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances."

Spring was early that year. At the beginning of February there was a good deal of snow on the ground, it is true, but the air became milder and milder, and toward the end of the month there came a real spring day, and all the snow was gone.

Ida had been kept indoors for a long time by the weather and by a cold, and it was very pleasant to get out again, even when the only amusement was to run up and down the gravel walks and wonder how soon she might begin to garden, and whether the gardener could be induced to give her a piece of ground sufficiently extensive to grow a crop of mustard and cress in the form of a capital I.

It was the kitchen garden into which Ida had been sent. At the far end it was cut off from the world by an overgrown hedge with large gaps at the bottom, through which Ida could see the high road, a trough for watering horses, and beyond this a wood. The hedge was very thin

in February, and Ida had a good view in consequence. Sitting on a stump in the sunshine she peered through the gap to see if any horses came to drink. It was as good as a peep show, and, indeed, much better.

"The snow has melted," gurgled the water. "Here I am." It was everywhere. The sunshine made the rich green mosses look dry, but in reality they were wet, and so was everything else. Slish! slosh! Put your feet where you would, the water was everywhere. It filled the stone trough, which, being old and gray and steady, kept it still and bade it reflect the blue sky and gorgeous mosses; but the trough soon overflowed, and then the water slipped over the side and ran off in a wayside stream.

"Winter is gone!" it spluttered as it ran; "winter is gone, winter-is-gone, winterisgone!" And, on the principle that a good thing cannot be said too often, it went on with this all through the summer, till the next winter came and stopped its mouth with icicles. As the stream chattered, so the birds in the woods sang, "Tweet! tweet! chirrup! throstle! Spring! spring! spring!" and they twittered from tree to tree, and shook the bare twigs with melody; whilst a single blackbird, sitting still upon a bough below, sang "Life! life! life!" with the loudest pipe of his throat, because on such days it was happiness only to be alive.

MOSES AT THE FAIR

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774) was an Irish poet, historian, and novelist. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is said to be the most widely known piece of fiction in English literature.

NOTE. — The "Vicar of Wakefield" and his family, having lost their little fortune, were obliged to live very simply. His wife, however, wanted to make as fine an appearance as possible, so she coaxed the Vicar to sell their colt at a neighboring fair, and to buy instead a horse that would look well at church or upon a visit. The Vicar tells the story.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself.

"No, my dear," said my wife, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage."

As I also had a good opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to trust the business with him.

The next morning found his sisters busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, — trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him in which to bring home groceries. He had on a coat which, though too short for him, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black ribbon.

We all followed him several paces from the door, crying after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

It was almost nightfall before we saw Moses coming back, without a horse and with the deal box strapped round his shoulders.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses!" I cried. "Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Yes, Moses," cried my wife, "we know that, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," said Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," said she. "Three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast, "here they are; a gross of green spectacles with silver rims and shagreen cases!"

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "You have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green spectacles!"

"Dear mother," said the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? They are a bargain or I should not have

bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife.

"There will be no trouble," said I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence. I can see that they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," said I; "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," she said, "we have parted with the colt and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! If I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There you are wrong, my dear," said I, "for though they are copper, we will not throw them away, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing." . . .

Our family had now made several vain attempts to be fine.

"You see, my children," said I, "how little is to be got by trying to impose upon the world. Those that are poor and wish to be thought rich are only hated by those whom they avoid and despised by those they follow." Adapted.

Vic'ar: an English clergyman. — **cocking his hat**: fastening back the brim. — **deal**: pine wood. — **gosling green**: yellowish green; the color of pine catkins, called "goslings." — **tied his hair**: young men at that time wore their hair long and tied back with ribbons. — **gross**: twelve dozen. — **shagreen'**: a substance usually made from horses' skins; unlike leather, because it has not been tanned.

OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE FIELDS

CHARLES M. SKINNER

CHARLES M. SKINNER is an American editor and writer.



This infamous rage for killing! O the gallons, the tuns, of good red blood that are poured over the earth every day the world turns round! The suffering that the men with guns impose: the happy creatures mangled in their play and flight; the crippled that drag themselves to the woods and hills to die, with unheard groaning; the little ones in fur and feathers that perish of cold and hunger, wondering in their baby way why the father and mother that were good to them come back no more!

How strange would be the sight of a man feeding a wild animal, carrying water to a wounded deer, setting the broken wing of a bird, covering a chilled, forsaken creature with leaves, or earning from the clear, soft eyes one look of astonished gratitude! O brothers of the tongue that speaks, the hand that works such other good, the brain that thinks so high and kindly for those of your own species, will you not hear and heed the plaint in these wild voices that reach you even at your windows? Will you not have mercy on those harmless ones that, after centuries of persecution, know and think of you only with aversion and terror? Hang up the gun, burn the whip, put down the sling, the bow, the trap, the stone, and bid them live. Let their joyous voices greet the sun again, as in the days before they learned the fear of men. Take their drooping carcasses out of your hat, my lady, and set an example such as a gentle, well-bred woman should give to her ignorant sisters. Be ministers and friends, not persecutors and enemies. Shoot at targets all you please. Punish the evil in the human race, if you will be stern. But spare, for their sake, yet more for your own sake, our little brothers of the fields.

From the *Atlantic Monthly*.

tuns: a tun is a measure for liquids; it is equal to four hogsheads.

CHEERY PEOPLE[1]

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON, who is known to many readers as "H. H.," was born in Massachusetts in 1831. Much of her life was spent in the West, especially in Colorado. She wrote several short stories and some excellent verse. "Ramona," a story of Indian life, is her best known book. Mrs. Jackson died in 1885.

O the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them, — that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost, — that is, to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all, — in spite of clouds and rain and cold, all doing their very best to make it dismal?

The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow, — fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes

[1] From Helen Hunt Jackson's "Bits of Talk." Copyright, 1873, by Roberts Brothers.

everybody do his best, — makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so crossgrained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine.

And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in, — only more so; for we often see people so ill that they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and the face of a cheery person would not make him brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we should all be to try it! How thankful we should all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up and help everybody along! — to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight!

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort.

But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it is full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

Abridged.

OUR FRIEND THE CAT

ANNA HARRIS SMITH

MRS. ANNA HARRIS SMITH is an American writer and editor, who is actively interested in establishing the right of dumb animals to justice and kind treatment.



There are some persons who appear to think that the cat is of no consequence, and who do not treat her with the kindness and the consideration she deserves. Not so did the ancient Egyptians regard her; they thought so highly of cats that they went into mourning when one died, and made their mourning more conspicuous by shaving off their eyebrows. Many cats were kept apart in sacred temples, and the men who were appointed to attend them fed them with fish, and bread soaked in milk, and were proud of their charges.

So long ago in the world's history was the cat a household pet that we cannot find her origin. A tablet in the

Berlin Museum dated 1800 B.C. bears an inscription containing the word *Mau* (cat). Some historians maintain that she was brought from the Far East and introduced into Europe by the first crusaders, but this is disputed by other writers, and all we seem to be able to find out is that more than three thousand years ago the cat was highly valued. We read that the cat was the cherished companion of the nuns and abbesses of the Middle Ages, and Agnes Repplier says in her book on "The Fireside Sphinx": "She gave to convents chill and bare that look of home, that sweet suggestion of domesticity, which all women, even cloistered women, love."

The affection which Mohammed had for his white cat, Muezza, whom he would not disturb when she was sleeping one day upon his flowing sleeve, preferring to cut away the sleeve rather than to awaken her, has often been told as an example of a great man's tenderness for a helpless creature. The Turkish soldiers, cruel though they are said to be, had the reputation of protecting the cat from all ill usage. In some old schoolbooks may be found a story of how Cambyses captured Pelusium. Each Persian soldier went to battle carrying in his arms a cat, knowing that the cats would be a certain protection from the weapons of the Egyptians, who would not be tempted to harm a cat even though they lost the battle. The truth

of this story is not proved, but the Egyptians regarded the life of a cat so highly that such an incident might have been possible.

The Arabs prized the cat highly and have a pretty tradition that when the first father and mother went out into the desert alone Allah gave them two friends, the dog to defend them and the cat to comfort them. In the body of the dog he placed the soul of a brave man, and in the body of the cat the spirit of a gentle woman.

To come down the centuries into more modern days let us see what friends the cat has had. Cardinal Richelieu diverted his mind in melancholy hours watching the graceful frolic of kittens. Cardinal Wolsey enjoyed the companionship of pet cats. Many noble ladies of the court of France had pet cats whom they cherished tenderly and about whom they had poems written describing their beauty and their good traits.

The English poet Herrick wrote in praise of his own fireside cat. Heine, the great German poet, wrote of his delight in this purring, comfortable friend.

Other poets, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gray, Matthew Arnold, have all written notable verses in honor of the cat. Horace Walpole, the great English statesman, loved his cats. Lord Chesterfield made provision for his cats so that they should be cared for after his death. Many

times have stories been told about Sir Isaac Newton's care for his cat and her kittens. Dr. Johnson's love for his cat, Hodge, and Sir Walter Scott's interest in his lordly cat, Hinse, who kept the dogs of the house in order, have also been commented on by various writers.

At the present day the value of the cat as a useful and pleasing inmate of the home is generally recognized; yet, unfortunately, there are still some thoughtless and cruel persons who inflict much suffering on this gentle, patient, useful friend to mankind. Families go away and leave the poor cat, perhaps with little helpless kittens, to suffer and die of hunger and neglect. Boys forget their manliness and are cowardly enough to frighten or injure the helpless creatures whom they should protect, and so we still see suffering cats and kittens on our streets and alleys, and still are obliged to have societies to protect them. When all the world has learned to obey the beautiful law of kindness, then our fourfooted friends will meet with a better reward for their usefulness and devotion to man.

Pelu'si-um: an ancient city of Egypt. — **Cardinal Richelieu** (rêsh-le-ûh'): a famous French statesman who, at the time the Pilgrims were building up their settlement at Plymouth, was the most powerful man of France and of Europe. — **Cardinal Wọl'sey**: a great English cardinal who lived almost a hundred years before Richelieu.

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES — I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This selection is taken from a story in "Tanglewood Tales."

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earthborn Giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earthborn people, who were called Pygmies. This Giant and these Pygmies, being children of the same mother (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth), were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off, in the middle of hot Africa.

The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the Giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safest to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches, he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide, paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage.

The king's palace attained to the stupendous magnitude of a babyhouse, and stood in the center of a spacious square, which could hardly have been covered by our hearth rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderfully sublime and magnificent edifice.

All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, eggshells, and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of a little girl's flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kinds of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people as the pines and the oaks and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me when we walk in our own tracts of woodland.

At harvest time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a woodcutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come



crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.

And oh, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put to bed in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove, and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a Giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking stick. It took a far-sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves.

But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the Giant Antæus presented a very grand spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man, with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart wheel, and placed right in the center

of his forehead) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day one or another of them would turn up his head and shout through the hollow of his fists, "Halloo, Brother Antæus! How are you, my good fellow?" and when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the Giant would make answer, "Pretty well, Brother Pygmy, I thank you," in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES — II

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten million of such bodies as theirs. He might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it. With the tornado of his breath he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot down upon a multitude; and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But the Giant gave them his brotherly

kindness and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small.

It is very pleasant to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there were affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the Giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and wellwishers, and, as we may say, his playfellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world.

No creature of his own size had ever talked with him face to face. When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone, and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever. Even if he had met another Giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and would have fought him until one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive, and humorous, and merry-hearted, and sweet-tempered old Giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air towards the Giant.

"Poor creature!" they said one to another, "he has a very dull time of it, all by himself; and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and for that reason he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been Giants too."

On all their holidays the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill; and it was a good hour's walk, no doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the Giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it. So fearless were they that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments.

When his head lay sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke (as indeed it was meant) when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as if he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard.

It is impossible to tell half the funny tricks that they

played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first round the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the Giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially as they had a fondness for mischief and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances.

But Antæus took it all kindly enough ; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two, like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then he would roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else it would have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the Giant, shaking his mountainous sides. "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

Abridged.

Antæ'us.



STEP BY STEP[1]

J. G. HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

[1] From Holland's "Poetical Writings." Copyright, 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

dreams: this alludes to Jacob's dream, in which he saw a ladder reaching to heaven. The story is told in the Bible, Genesis xxxviii. 10–22.

INDUSTRY

JOHN LUBBOCK

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is an English writer of popular scientific books.

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.

Pietro de' Medici is said to have once employed Michael Angelo to make a statue out of snow. That was stupid waste of precious time. But if Michael Angelo's time was precious to the world, our time is just as precious to ourselves, and yet we too often waste it in making statues of snow, and, even worse, in making idols of mire.

"We all complain," said the great Roman philosopher and statesman, Seneca, "of the shortness of time, and yet we have more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as if there would be no end to them."

One great, I might almost say *the* great, element of success and happiness in life is the capacity for honest, solid work. Cicero said that what was required was first audacity, second audacity, and third audacity. Self-confidence

is no doubt useful, but it would be more correct to say that what was wanted was first perseverance, second perseverance, and third perseverance. Work is not, of course, any more than play, the object of life; both are means to the same end.

Work is as necessary for peace of mind as for health of body. A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work. Worry upsets our whole system, work keeps it in health and order. Exercise of the muscles keeps the body in health, and exercise of the brain brings peace of mind. "By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart."

"Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of Earth, and Deeds are the sons of Heaven." Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Put your heart into it. Cultivate all your faculties: you must either use them or lose them. We are told of Hezekiah that "in every work that he began, . . . he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"The story of genius even, so far as it can be told at all, is the story of persistent industry in the face of obstacles, and some of the standard geniuses give us their word for it that genius is little more than industry. 'Genius,' President Dwight used to tell the boys at Yale, 'is the power of making efforts.'" (Garnett.)

Corbett, speaking of his celebrated English grammar, tells us: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that.

"Think not lightly of the farthing that I had to give, now and then, for ink, pen, or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me: I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money, not expended for us at market, was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had, on a Friday, made shift to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning; but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny! I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child!

"And again I say, if I under circumstances like these could encounter and overcome this task, is there, can there

be, in the whole world a youth to find an excuse for the nonperformance?"

Abridged.

Pie'tro de' Medici (med'e-chee): a proud and vain man, who was for two years ruler of the city of Florence. He was the son of Lorenzo, often called "the Magnificent," who died in 1492. The family of the Medici were famous for their interest in art and literature. — **Mi'chael An'gelo**: a great Italian painter and sculptor. — **Cic'ero**: a Roman orator who died 43 B.C. — **Dr. Samuel Johnson**: a learned Englishman of the eighteenth century. — **Hezeki'ah**: a king of Judah. See 2 Chronicles xxxi. 20. — **sixpence**: twelve cents. — **farthing**: half a cent. — **made shift**: managed.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821) was one of the great English poets. He had a wonderful imagination and a quick perception of the beautiful. His verse is full of melody.

The poetry of earth is never dead!
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.



TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859) was an English poet and man of letters.

NOTE. — This and the preceding sonnet were written as the result of a challenge to Keats by Hunt. Keats won, but said afterwards that he preferred Hunt's sonnet to his own.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song —
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

summoning brass: it was an ancient custom, which has come down into recent times, to bring about the gathering of a swarm of bees by making a noise upon brass or other metal. — **nick**: to keep account of time by nicks or notches, as Robinson Crusoe did. The cricket, cutting the air with its sharp chirp, marks the moments.

THE PASHA'S SON

BAYARD TAYLOR

BAYARD TAYLOR was an American traveler, writer, and poet, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He always liked travel and adventure, and his love for books was as great as his love of the out-of-door world. Many of his books are descriptive of his travels. He lived much in Germany, part of the time as United States minister. He died in Berlin in 1878.

Among the Egyptian officers in the city of Khartoum was a Pasha named Rufah, who had been banished from Egypt by the Viceroy. He was a man of considerable education and intelligence, and was very unhappy at being sent away from his home and family. The climate of Khartoum is very unhealthful, and this Pasha had suffered greatly from fever.

He was uncertain how long his exile would continue; he had been there already two years, and as all letters directed to him passed through the hands of the officers of the government, he was quite at a loss how to get any help from his friends. What he had done to cause his banishment, I could not ascertain; probably he did not know himself.

There are no elections in those Eastern countries; the people have nothing to do with the choice of their own rulers. The latter are appointed by the Viceroy at his

pleasure, and hold office only so long as he allows them. The envy or jealousy of one Pasha may lead to the ruin of another, without any fault on the part of the latter. Probably somebody else wanted Rufah Pasha's place, and slandered him to the Viceroy for the sake of getting him removed and exiled.

The unhappy man inspired my profound sympathy. Sometimes he would spend the evening with the Consul and myself, because he felt safe in our presence to complain of the tyranny under which he suffered. When we met him at the houses of the other Egyptian officers, he was very careful not to talk on the subject, lest they should report the fact to the government.

Being a foreigner and a stranger, I never imagined that I could be of any service to Rufah Pasha. I did not speak the language well, I knew very little of the laws and regulations of the country, and, moreover, I intended simply to pass through Egypt on my return. Nevertheless, one night, when we happened to be walking the streets together, he whispered that he had something special to say to me.

Although it was bright moonlight, we had a native servant with us to carry a lantern. The Pasha ordered the servant to walk on in advance; and a turn of the narrow, crooked street soon hid him from our sight.

Everything was quiet except the rustling of the wind in the palm trees which rose above the garden walls.

"Now," said the Pasha, taking my hand, "now we can talk for a few minutes without being overheard. I want you to do me a favor."

"Willingly," I answered; "if it is in my power."

"It will not give you much trouble," he said, "and may be of great service to me. I want you to take two letters to Egypt, — one to my son, who lives in the town of Tahtah, and one to Mr. Murray, the English Consul General, whom you know. I cannot trust the Eygptian merchants, because if these letters were opened and read I might be kept here many years longer. If you deliver them safely, my friends will know how to assist me, and perhaps I may soon be allowed to return home."

I promised to deliver both letters with my own hands, and the Pasha parted from me in more cheerful spirits at the door of the Consul's house.

After a few days I was ready to set out on the return journey. It was very easy to apprise Rufah Pasha of my intention, and he had no difficulty in slipping the letters into my hand without the action being observed by any one. I put them into my portfolio with my own letters and papers, where they were entirely safe, and said nothing about the matter to any one in Khartoum.

It was a long journey, and I should have to write many days in order to describe it. It was nearly two months before I could deliver the first of the Pasha's letters,—that which he had written to his son. The town of Tahtah is in Upper Egypt. It stands on a little mound, several miles from the Nile, and is surrounded by the rich and beautiful plain which is every year overflowed by the river.

After some little inquiry I found Rufah Pasha's house, but was not admitted, because the Egyptian women are not allowed to receive the visits of strangers. There was a shaded entrance hall open to the street, where I was requested to sit while the black serving woman went to the school to bring the Pasha's son. My faithful servant and I sat there, while the people of the town, who had heard that we came from Khartoum and knew the Pasha, gathered around to ask questions. They were all very polite and friendly, and seemed as glad to hear about the Pasha as if they belonged to his family. In a quarter of an hour the woman came back, followed by the Pasha's son and the schoolmaster, who had dismissed his school in order to hear the news.

The boy was about eleven years old, but tall for his age. He had a fair face and large, dark eyes, and smiled pleasantly when he saw me. If I had not known

something of the customs of the people, I should have given him my hand, perhaps drawn him between my knees, put an arm around his waist, and talked familiarly; but I thought it best to wait and see how he would behave toward me.

He first made me a graceful salutation just as a man would have done, then took my hand and gently touched



it to his heart, lips, and forehead, after which he took his seat on the high divan or bench by my side. Here he again made a salutation, clapped his hands thrice to summon the woman, and ordered coffee to be brought.

"Is Your Excellency in good health?" he asked.

"I am very well, praised be Allah!" I answered.

"Has Your Excellency any commands for me? You have but to speak; you shall be obeyed."

"You are very kind," said I; "but I have need of nothing. I bring you greetings from the Pasha, your father, and this letter, which I promised him to deliver into your own hands."

Thereupon I handed him the letter, which he laid to his heart and lips before opening. After he had read the letter, the boy turned to me with his face a little flushed and his eyes sparkling, and said, "Will Your Excellency permit me to ask whether you have another letter?"

"Yes," I answered; "but it is not to be delivered here."

"That is right," said he. "When shall you reach Cairo?"

"It depends on the wind; but I hope in seven days from now."

The boy whispered to the schoolmaster, but presently they both nodded as if satisfied, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Some sherbet (which is nothing but lemonade flavored with rose water) and pomegranates were then brought to me, and the boy asked whether I would not honor him by remaining during the rest of the day. If I had not seen

his face, I should have supposed I was visiting a man, — so dignified and self-possessed was the little fellow.

The people looked on as if they were quite accustomed to such mature manners in children. I was obliged to use as much ceremony with the child as if he had been the governor of the town. But he interested me, nevertheless, and I felt curious to know the subject of his consultation with the schoolmaster. I was sure they were forming some plan to have the Pasha recalled from exile.

After two or three hours I went away in order to overtake my boat, which was slowly working its way down the Nile. The boy arose and walked by my side to the end of the town, the other people following us. When we came out upon the plain he took leave of me with the same salutations, and the words, "May God grant Your Excellency a prosperous journey!"

"May God grant it!" I responded; and all the people repeated, "May God grant it!"

The whole interview seemed to me like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." To me it was a pretty, picturesque experience which cannot be forgotten: to the people, no doubt, it was an everyday matter. Abridged.

Khartoum': a town in Africa in the Soudan. — **Pasha'**: an officer of high rank. — **Vice'roy**: the governor of a country; a man who rules in the place of the king. — **Al'lah**: the Mohammedan name for God. — **"Arabian Nights"**: a book of Eastern fairy tales.

A TRIUMPH

CELIA THAXTER

CELIA THAXTER, an American writer, was born at Portsmouth, N.H., in 1835. Much of her life was spent on the Isles of Shoals, a group of small, rocky islands near the coast of New Hampshire. Mrs. Thaxter had a great love for flowers and for the sea. She died in 1894.



Little Roger up the long slope rushing
Through the rustling corn,
Showers of dewdrops from the broad leaves brushing
In the early morn,

At his sturdy little shoulder bearing,
For a banner gay,
Stem of fir with one long shaving flaring
In the wind away!

Up he goes, the summer sunrise flushing
O'er him in his race,
Sweeter dawn of rosy childhood blushing
On his radiant face;

If he can but set his standard glorious
On the hill-top low,
Ere the sun climbs the clear sky victorious,
All the world aglow!

So he presses on with childish ardor,
Almost at the top!
Hasten Roger! Does the way grow harder?
Wherefore do you stop?

From below the cornstalks tall and slender
Comes a plaintive cry;
Turns he for an instant from the splendor
Of the crimson sky,

Wavers, then goes flying towards the hollow,
Calling loud and clear,
"Coming, Jenny! Oh, why did you follow?
Don't you cry, my dear!"

Small Janet sits weeping 'mid the daisies;
"Little sister sweet,
Must you follow Roger?" Then he raises
Baby on her feet.

Guides her tiny steps with kindness tender,
Cheerfully and gay,
All his courage and his strength would lend her
Up the uneven way,

Till they front the blazing east together;
But the sun has rolled
Up the sky in the still summer weather,
Flooding them with gold.

All forgotten is the boy's ambition,
Low the standard lies,
Still they stand and gaze,—a sweeter vision
Ne'er met mortal eyes.

That was splendid, Roger, that was glorious,
Thus to help the weak;
Better than to plant your flag victorious
On earth's highest peak!

A BOY'S DIVING TRIP[1]

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He was never strong in body, but he had a manly, joyous spirit which made him beloved wherever he went. His literary work is remarkable for the care and thought which he put into it. He was an artist in words. Among his books for boys are "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island." The last six years of his life were spent in Samoa; he died there in 1894.

NOTE. — This essay recounts a personal experience of Stevenson's boyhood. His father was a harbor engineer, to whom the final failure of the Wick breakwater was a great disappointment. "The sea was too strong for man's arts," says the son in another essay, "and the work was deserted." At the time of this adventure, however, there was every hope of success. The bay of Wick is on the northeast coast of Scotland.

Into the bay of Wick stretched the dark length of the unfinished breakwater in its cage of open staging; and away at the extreme end the divers toiling unseen on the foundation. To go down in the diving dress, that was my absorbing fancy; and with the countenance of a certain diver, Bob Bain by name, I gratified the whim.

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, and the swell ran pretty high, when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woolen underclothing. One moment the salt wind was whistling round

[1] From "Random Memories." Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

my nightcapped head; the next I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burden was laid upon me I could have found it in my heart to cry off from the whole enterprise.

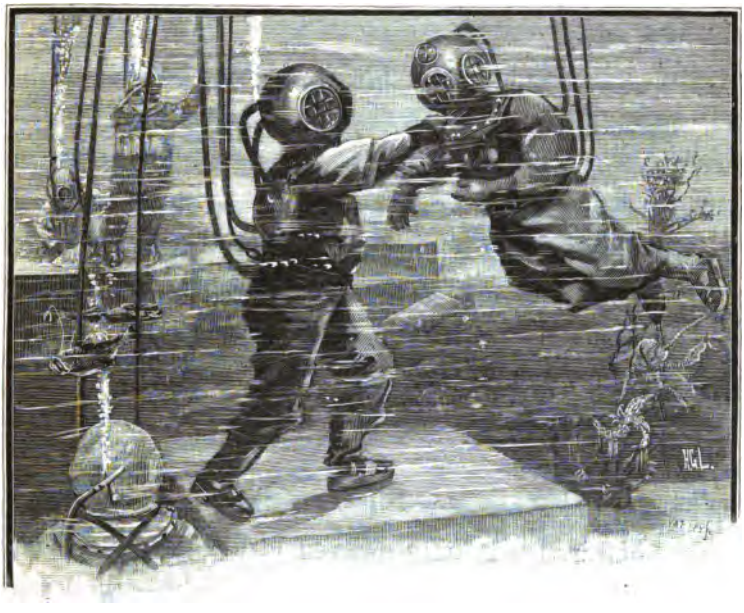
But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the air mills and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the visor, and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men, — standing there in their midst a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own.

But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were now hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand, and setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend.

Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up I saw a low, green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower I stepped off on the foundation; a dumb, helmeted figure took me by the hand and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window, I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and eye to

eye ; and either might have burst himself with shouting and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing.

Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate. As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion, a world of tumbled stones was



visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging ; overhead, a flat roof of green ; a little in front, the sea wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone ; I looked to see if he were in earnest, and he signed to me the more imperiously.

Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb, and to prove to Bob how far he was astray, I gave a little impulse upward from my toes.

Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow.

Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was only swayed idly like a weed, now borne helplessly abroad and now swiftly — yet with dreamlike gentleness — impelled against my guide.

It is bitter to return to infancy, to be supported, and directed, and perpetually set upon your feet by the hand of some one else. And although I had a fine, dizzy joy in my surroundings, and longed and tried, and always failed,

to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me, swift as humming birds, yet I fancy I was rather relieved than otherwise when Bain brought me back to the ladder and signed to me to mount.

And there was one more experience before me even then. Of a sudden my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green I shot at once into a glory of rosy light — the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heaven above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind.

Bob Bain had five shillings for his trouble, and I had done what I desired. **Adapted.**

breakwater: a bank of stones or earth built to break the force of the sea. — **harsh**: rough. — **swell**: waves. — **swollen with ply on ply**: made larger by fold on fold. — **nightcapped**: the helmet was like a nightcap in shape, and may have been worn over a cotton cap. — **cry off**: beg off. — **air mill**: air is pumped by machinery through a tube to the diver. — **vis'or**: the movable part of a helmet, so called because it gives a chance to see. — **rounds**: the rungs of a ladder. — **spokes and shafts**: the rungs and upright pieces. — **staggering load**: a load heavy enough to make one stagger. — **out of season**: impossible. — **impotent and empty**: without power and purpose; helpless and without result. — **the trough of a swell**: the hollow between the waves. — **a glory of rosy light**: place a piece of green paper on a white background; look at it steadily. Now remove the green paper quickly. Does this account for the rosy light? — **multitudinous seas incarnadined**: countless waves reddened; a quotation from "Macbeth," Act II, Scene II.

THE MAGIC JUICE

(A Story from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream")

Nina Moore Tiffany

William Shakespeare, one of the greatest dramatic poets that ever lived, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Many of his plots are taken from other writers, but the beauty and power of his plays are all his own. A great German critic said of him, "Never was there such a wide talent for the drawing of character as Shakespeare's." This king of poets died in 1616. Among his greatest plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet."

A fearful quarrel between Oberon, the king, and Titania, his queen, set all fairyland a-tremble. The cause of the quarrel was a little changeling boy; both wanted him. Oberon begged for him whenever they met; Titania refused to give him up. He was Titania's pet playmate. She had loved his mother, long since dead, and she kept the little one always at her side. This, in itself, displeased King Oberon; besides, he wanted to make a fairy knight of the boy and teach him forest sports, which every fay should know.

The quarrel grew from bad to worse until through terror the very seasons became changed. Summer shivered and turned cold, winter hurried the "sweet summer buds" from their sleep. Moreover the clouds wept rain until



mortals themselves fell ill and wondered what dreadful mishap was about to come upon them.

Oberon at last undertook to end these disasters and at the same time to obtain his wish.

He called to him Robin Goodfellow, his fairy jester, and disclosed to him his plan. There was a certain flower called love-in-idleness whose juice possessed a magic power, — it was of the same family as our pansy. Dropped upon the eyelids of a sleeping person, this juice would make that person dote upon the first thing seen on waking. Robin fetched Oberon that flower.

Keeping the flower in his hand, Oberon set off for the place where Titania held her court.

Titania and her fairies had been amusing themselves pleasantly in the depths of the forest. Soon the queen began to feel drowsy, and calling her attendants around her, she said:

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

As she finished speaking a little fairy stole to her side and began to sing:

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
  Come not near our fairy queen.

The other fairies joined in the chorus:

  Philomel, with melody
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
  Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh;
  So, good night, with lullaby.

Then another fairy took up the song:

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm nor snail, do no offense.

And the chorus repeated:

  Philomel, with melody
  Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
  Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
  Come our lovely lady nigh;
  So, good night, with lullaby.

Titania's eyes closed; at the end of the song she was asleep, and the first fairy whispered:

> Hence, away! now all is well:
> One aloof stand sentinel.

But the little sentinel did not keep strict guard. Oberon crept past, squeezed the magic juice upon Titania's eyelids, and stole away unseen. To the wood also some village actors came, to rehearse a play. Robin Goodfellow found them there, and, bent on mischief, changed the head of one of them to that of an ass. The man whom Robin had thus served did not know what had been done to him, but his friends ran off in affright. As for Bottom, — that was his name, — he walked boldly up and down, and, to keep up his courage, he sang:

> The ousel cock so black of hue,
> With orange-tawny bill,
> The throstle with his note so true,
> The wren with little quill, —

His rough, discordant voice aroused Titania. Opening her eyes, under the spell of the magic juice, she gazed at the strange figure with delight, and murmured, "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?" and then, "I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again. . . . Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

Bottom, shaking his ass's head, replied: "Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn."

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. . . .
I 'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All Four. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy heartily: I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him, . . . bring him silently.

So they led him off to show him the wonders of fairyland; and so pleased was Titania with her new playfellow that she gave up to Oberon without another dispute the changeling boy.

Then Oberon's heart softened. He squeezed upon Titania's eyelids another juice which disenchanted her sight. She saw then what a strange mistake she had made, and she and Oberon were reconciled.

Ob'eron; **Titā'nia**: these are often pronounced *O'beron* and *Titā'nia*. — **change'ling**: a child left in place of another; a fairy child. — **jester**: one whose business it was to amuse the king. — **roundel**: a dance; sometimes a song. — **war**: make war. This is a command. — **rere-mice**: bats. The first part of the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon, and means to stir; so it is like another old-fashioned name for bat, — "flittermouse." — **quaint**: delicate. — **offices**: work. — **double**: forked. — **newts**: lizards. *A newt* was originally written *an ewt*, but the *n* has become attached to the noun. It is often supposed that *a* was the original form of the indefinite article. On the contrary, it was first *an*, which was used before consonants as well as vowels; *a* came into use for the sake of euphony. — **blind-worms**: an old name for adders. — **Phil'omel**: the nightingale, once a woman, according to an old myth. — **ousel** (o͞o'z'l): blackbird. — **pressèd**: two syllables are required by the meter. — **purge thy mortal grossness**: take away thy clumsy heaviness. Fairies always speak of men as mortals. — **gambol in his eyes**: play in his sight. — **a'pricocks**: the early spelling of apricots. This word has an interesting history. — **dewberries**: the fruit of the bramble; similar to our blackberries. — **glowworm's eyes**: the glowworm emits light from his body, not his eyes. — **I cry your mercy**: I beg your pardon. — **if I cut my finger**: cobwebs were often used in binding up a wound to stop the flow of blood — a dangerous remedy, as they are usually full of dust and dirt. — **squash**: an unripe pod of peas. — **peascod**: a pea pod.

THE ARBUTUS

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD is an American writer.

NOTE. — The arbutus is a fragrant and beautiful spring flower which grows plentifully in New England and is found as far west as Minnesota. The Pilgrims called it the Mayflower.

Fair blossom, fresh and crisp as winter's snow
Touched with the rosy dawn of coming spring,
Why did'st thou venture out so early? Oh,
Thou foolish thing!

No robin's song hath waked thee with its cheer;
The winds are chill; the leaden clouds hang low;
How did'st thou know that spring would soon be here —
How did'st thou know?

Warm was thy bed beneath this sheltering tree;
Yet some still voice I hear not, to the light
Hath called thee, and thou comest trustingly,
Serene and bright.

A lesson hast thou taught to me that all
Man's vain philosophy has failed to bring —
The faith that He who makes the leaves to fall
Will send the spring.

THE BROOK

(An Idyl)

Alfred Tennyson

Alfred, Lord Tennyson was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. He was born in 1809 and died in 1892. Tennyson's poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. Among the best known of his longer poems are "The Idylls of the King," in which he tells the old legends that cluster about King Arthur and his knights. When Tennyson was forty years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

Note. — This prelude serves to show how the poet was led to contrast the brook's constancy with the changes in human life.

"Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late:
. . . . . .
O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourished then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for 'O Brook,' he says,

'O babbling Brook', says Edmund in his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Traveling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



"But Philip chattered more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

. . . . . .

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

"Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All are gone."

Neilgher'ry: a favorite mountain resort in India. — **coot and hern**: wading birds. *Hern* is another form of *heron*. — **bicker**: move unsteadily or flicker. — **thorp**: cluster of houses. — **sharps**: rapids. — **trebles**: in music the words *sharp* and *treble* are often associated. Here they are used to describe the sound of the brook, which is light and rippling. — **fallow**: plowed land. — **grig**: grasshopper or cricket. — **covers**: woods or underbrush. — **shingly**: like the loose gravel or shingle of a beach. — **the dome of Brunelleschi**: Brunelles'chi was a Florentine architect of the fifteenth century. Over the unfinished cathedral in Florence he raised a magnificent dome. — **April-autumn**: the Australian autumn is the English spring.

COMMERCE

All civilized countries depend upon trade and commerce. No man tries to make everything he uses. If he were to spend his time in making his own hats, and chairs, and carpets, and houses, he would be of little use in the world. In fact, no town and no country can produce everything essential to life without a waste of time and labor.

One country produces much gold, another tin and iron, a third fruit and spices. By exchange each country is provided with what it needs of these things. America, with its variety of climate and its wide stretch of territory, can produce more, perhaps, than any other country in the world. Yet Americans are glad to send across the sea for many things which make life easy and pleasant.

Buying and selling at home is trade. Buying and selling when carried on with people of other lands is called commerce. When we send goods out of the country, we export them. When we bring goods into the country, we import them.

We depend upon one another, not only in our homes and in small ways, but in the great affairs of life.

When a nation refuses to share and to help in the world's work, it loses its own power and importance.

Selected.

TANGLEWOOD PLAY ROOM

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This selection, and the story of Pandora to which it refers, may be found in "A Wonder Book," the companion volume to "Tanglewood Tales."

The golden days of October passed away, as so many other Octobers have, and brown November likewise, and the greater part of chill December too. At last came merry Christmas, and Eustace Bright along with it, making it all the merrier by his presence. And the day after his arrival from college there came a mighty snowstorm. Up to this time the winter had held back and had given us a good many mild days, which were like smiles upon its wrinkled visage.

The grass had kept itself green in sheltered places, such as the nooks of southern hill slopes and along the lee of the stone fences. It was but a week or two ago, and since the beginning of the month, that the children had found a dandelion in bloom on the margin of Shadow Brook, where it glides out of the dell.

But no more green grass and dandelions now. This was such a snowstorm! Twenty miles of it might have been visible at once, between the windows of Tanglewood and the dome of Taconic, had it been possible to see so

far among the eddying drifts that whitened all the atmosphere. It seemed as if the hills were giants, and were flinging monstrous handfuls of snow at one another in their enormous sport.

So thick were the fluttering snowflakes that even the trees midway down the valley were hidden by them the greater part of the time. Sometimes, it is true, the little prisoners of Tanglewood could discern a dim outline of Monument Mountain, and the smooth whiteness of the frozen lake at its base, and the black or gray tracts of woodland in the nearer landscape. But these were merely peeps through the tempest.

Nevertheless the children rejoiced greatly in the snowstorm. They had already made acquaintance with it by tumbling heels over head into its highest drifts and flinging snow at one another, as we have just fancied the Berkshire mountains to be doing. And now they had come back to their spacious play room, which was as big as the great drawing-room, and was lumbered with all sorts of playthings, large and small.

The biggest was a rocking-horse that looked like a real pony; and there was a whole family of wooden, waxen, plaster, and china dolls, besides rag babies; and blocks enough to build Bunker Hill Monument, and ninepins and balls, and humming tops, and battledoors, and grace sticks,

and skipping ropes, and more of such valuable property than I could tell of in a printed page.

But the children liked the snowstorm better than them all. It suggested so many brisk enjoyments for to-morrow and all the remainder of the winter. The sleigh ride; the slides down hill into the valley; the snow images that



were to be shaped out; the snow fortresses that were to be built; and the snowballing to be carried on!

So the little folks blessed the snowstorm, and were glad to see it come thicker and thicker, and watched hopefully the long drift that was piling itself up in the avenue, and was already higher than any of their heads.

"Why, we shall be blocked up till spring!" cried they with the hugest delight. "What a pity that the house is

too high to be quite covered up! The little red house down yonder will be buried up to its eaves."

"You silly children! what do you want of more snow?" asked Eustace, who, tired of some novel that he was skimming through, had strolled into the play room. "It has done mischief enough already by spoiling the only skating that I could hope for through the winter. We shall see nothing more of the lake till April; and this was to have been my first day upon it! Don't you pity me, Primrose?"

"Oh, to be sure!" answered Primrose, laughing. "But, for your comfort, we will listen to another of your old stories, such as you told us under the porch and down in the hollow by Shadow Brook. Perhaps I shall like them better now, when there is nothing to do, than while there were nuts to be gathered and beautiful weather to enjoy."

Hereupon Periwinkle, Clover, Sweet Fern, and as many others of the little fraternity and cousinhood as were still at Tanglewood, gathered about Eustace and earnestly besought him for a story. The student yawned, stretched himself, and then, to the vast admiration of the small people, skipped three times back and forth over the top of a chair, in order, as he explained to them, to set his wits in motion.

"Well, well, children," said he after these preliminaries, "since you insist, and Primrose has set her heart upon it, I will see what can be done for you. And, that you may know what happy days there were before snowstorms came into fashion, I will tell you a story of the oldest of all old times, when the world was as new as Sweet Fern's brand-new humming top. There was then but one season in the year, and that was the delightful summer; and but one age for mortals, and that was childhood."

"I never heard of that before," said Primrose.

"Of course you never did," answered Eustace. "It shall be a story of what nobody but myself ever dreamed of,— a paradise of children,— and how, by the naughtiness of just such a little imp as Primrose here, it all came to nothing."

So Eustace Bright sat down in the chair which he had just been skipping over, took Cowslip upon his knee, ordered silence throughout the auditory, and began a story about a sad naughty child whose name was Pandora, and about her playfellow Epimetheus.

the lee: the side sheltered from the wind. — **Tacon'ic**: a mountain ridge in Massachusetts and Vermont. — **battledoors**: these are much like ping-pong or tennis rackets, and are used in tossing shuttlecocks made of cork and feathers. — **grace sticks**: sticks used in tossing and catching light hoops. — **fraternity**: brotherhood. — **Pandō'ra**. — **Epimē'theus**.

SKATING[1]

W. D. Howells

William Dean Howells is a widely read American author and poet. Mr. Howells has been for some time one of the editors of *Harper's Magazine*.

Note. — The book from which this selection is taken tells of Mr. Howells's boyhood. The town he speaks of is in Ohio upon the Miami River.

My boy learned to skate, but he did not know when, any more than he knew just the moment of learning to read or to swim. He became passionately fond of skating, and kept at it all day long when there was ice for it, which was not often in those soft winters.

They made a very little ice go a long way in the Boy's Town; and began to use it for skating as soon as there was a glazing of it on the Basin. None of them ever got drowned there; though a boy would often start from one bank and go flying to the other, trusting his speed to save him, while the thin sheet sank and swayed, but never actually broke under him.

Usually the ice was not thick enough to have a fire built on it; and my boy skated all one bitter afternoon at Old River without a fire to warm by. At first his feet were very cold, and then they gradually felt less cold, and

[1] From "A Boy's Town." Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.

at last he did not feel them at all. He thought this very nice, and he told one of the big boys.

"Why, your feet are frozen!" said the big boy, and he dragged off my boy's skates, and the little one ran all the long mile home, crazed with terror, and not knowing what moment his feet might drop off there in the road. His



mother plunged them in a bowl of ice-cold water, and then rubbed them with flannel, and so thawed them out; but that could not save him from the pain of their coming to: it was intense, and there must have been a time afterwards when he did not use his feet.

His skates themselves were of a sort that I am afraid boys would smile at nowadays. When you went to get a pair of skates forty or fifty years ago, you did not make

your choice between a Barney & Berry and an Acme, which fastened on with the turn of a screw or the twist of a clamp. You found an assortment of big and little sizes of solid wood bodies with guttered blades turning up in front with a sharp point, or curling over above the toe.

In this case they sometimes ended in an acorn; if this acorn was of brass, it transfigured the boy who wore that skate; he might have been otherwise all rags and patches, but the brass acorn made him splendid from head to foot.

When you had bought your skates you took them to a carpenter, and stood awe-strickenly about while he pierced the wood with strap holes; or else you managed to bore them through with a hot iron yourself. Then you took them to a saddler, and got him to make straps for them; that is, if you were rich, and your father let you have a quarter to pay for the job.

If not, you put strings through and tied your skates on. They were always coming off, or getting crosswise of your foot, or feeble-mindedly slumping down on one side of the wood; but it did not matter, if you had a fire on the ice, fed with old barrels and boards and cooper's shavings, and could sit round it with your skates on, and talk and tell stories, between your flights and races afar; and come whizzing back to it from the frozen distance, and glide, with one foot lifted, almost among the embers.

CAMPING IN SIBERIA

GEORGE KENNAN

GEORGE KENNAN is an American author, traveler, and lecturer. In 1865 he was sent to Siberia under the direction of the Western Union Telegraph Company, which at that time planned to carry a line of telegraph to Europe by way of Bering Strait. Mr. Kennan's fearless articles on Russia attracted much attention a few years ago. From one of his books, "Tent Life in Siberia," the following description is taken.

A camp in the middle of a clear, dark winter's night presents a strange, wild appearance. I was awakened soon after midnight by cold feet, and, raising myself upon one elbow, I pushed myself out of my frosty fur bag to see by the stars what time it was. The fire had died away to a red heap of smoldering embers. There was just light enough to distinguish the dark outlines of the loaded sledges, the fur-clad forms of our men, lying here and there in groups about the fire, and the frosty dogs, curled up into a hundred hairy balls upon the snow.

Away beyond the limits of the camp stretched the desolate steppe in a series of long snowy undulations, which blended gradually into one great white frozen ocean, and were lost in the distance and darkness of night. High overhead, in a sky which was almost black, sparkled the bright constellations of Orion and the Pleiades, — the celestial clocks which marked the long, weary hours between

sunrise and sunset. The blue, mysterious streamers of the Aurora trembled in the north, now shooting up in clear, bright lines to the zenith, then waving back and forth in great, majestic curves over the silent camp, as if warning back the adventurous traveler.

The silence was profound, oppressive. Nothing but the pulsating blood in my ears, and the heavy breathing of the sleeping men at my feet, broke the universal lull. Suddenly there rose upon the still night air a long, faint, wailing cry like that of a human being in the last extremity of suffering. Gradually it swelled and deepened until it seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with its volume of mournful sound, dying away at last into a low, despairing moan. It was the signal howl of a Siberian dog; but so wild and unearthly did it seem in the stillness of the Arctic midnight that it sent the startled blood bounding through my veins to my very finger ends.

In a moment the cry was taken up by another dog, upon a higher key — two or three more joined in, then ten, twenty, thirty, forty, sixty, eighty, until the whole pack of a hundred dogs howled one infernal chorus together, making the air fairly tremble with sound, as if from the heavy bass of a great organ. For fully a minute heaven and earth seemed to be filled with yelling, shrieking fiends.

Then one by one they began gradually to drop off, the unearthly tumult grew momentarily fainter and fainter, until at last it ended as it began, in one long, inexpressibly melancholy wail, and all was still. One or two of our men moved restlessly in their sleep, as if the mournful



howls had blended unpleasantly with their dreams; but no one awoke, and a deathlike silence again pervaded heaven and earth.

Suddenly the Aurora shone out with increased brilliancy, and its waving swords swept back and forth in great semi-circles across the dark, starry sky, and lighted up the snowy steppe with transitory flashes of colored radiance,

as if the gates of heaven were opening and closing upon the dazzling brightness of the celestial city.

Presently it faded away again to a faint, diffused glow in the north, and one pale green streamer, slender and bright as the spear of Ithuriel, pushed slowly upwards towards the zenith until it touched with its translucent point the jeweled belt of Orion; then it, too, faded and vanished, and nothing but a bank of pale white mist on the northern horizon showed the location of the celestial armory whence the Arctic spirits drew the gleaming swords and lances which they shook and brandished nightly over the lonely Siberian steppes.

Crawling back into my bag as the Aurora disappeared, I fell asleep, and did not wake until near morning. With the first streak of dawn the camp began to show signs of animation. The dogs crawled out of the deep holes which their warm bodies had melted in the snow; the Cossacks poked their heads out of their frosty fur coats, and whipped off with little sticks the mass of frost which had accumulated around their breathing holes. A fire was built, tea boiled, and we crawled out of our sleeping bags to shiver around the fire and to eat a hasty breakfast of rye bread, dried fish, and tea.

In twenty minutes the dogs were harnessed, sledges packed, and runners covered with ice, and one after

another we drove away at a brisk trot from the smoking fire, and began another day's journey across the steppe.

fur bag: in Arctic regions travelers sleep in bags made of fur. — **steppe**: plain. The steppes of Russia and Siberia are like our prairies. — **Ori'on and the Pleiades** (ple'ya-dez): two familiar groups of stars. According to the Greek story, Orion was once a hunter, and the Pleiades were seven sisters. Since they were placed among the stars one of the sisters has disappeared. Orion is easily found by the three bright stars that form his belt. He is followed by his dog, Sirius, and the Pleiades fly before him. — **Auro'ra**: northern lights. — **Ithu'riel**: an angel in Milton's "Paradise Lost," who carries a shining spear. — **Cos'sacks**: wild tribes of Russia.

ODE TO AN INFANT SON

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) was an English poet and humorist who had a wonderful skill in rhyme. He holds a high place in English literature.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop, — first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow and unsoiled by sin;
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)
Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,

Light as the singing bird that wings the air —
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents; — (Hang the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub — but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! — that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint.
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle down
Prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk,
With many a lamblike frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the moon, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he 's sent above!)

tricksy Puck: one of Shakespeare's fairy characters. — **bestuck**: decorated. — **Elysium** (elizh'um): the paradise of the Greeks. — **hymene'al nest**: home. — **epit'ome of man**: having all the qualities of man in small form.

WINTER NEIGHBORS

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS, an American writer, was born in 1837. He is a careful observer of out-of-door life, and his books are full of interest to those who share his tastes.

The country is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in winter than in summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negatived. You shall hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest.

Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and barways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature; under the pressure of the cold all the wild creatures become outlaws and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts.

The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash heap and corncrib, the snow buntings to the stack and to the barnyard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night, and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn, or steal the butternuts from your

attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures, and sets them adrift.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is the heart of an old apple



tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding place is discovered by the jays and nuthatches, and proclaimed from the tree tops, for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command.

Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns in looking in upon him and uttering their alarming notes.

Every jay within hearing would come to the spot and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness or excitement take a peep at the owl and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently.

After accustoming my eyes to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments I could usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the ax. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all.

When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death.

Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again.

After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine; no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Abridged.

title deeds are buried: no man can tell where his land ends. — **little ogre**: the red owl eats eggs and young birds. — **play 'possum**: to pretend to be asleep or dead, — a common trick of the opossum when hunted.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

MRS. HEMANS

I come, I come! ye have called me long —
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains; —
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky, —

From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, — I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

fanes: temples. — **Hespe'rian**: western. Hesper, the evening star, is seen in the west. — **sparry**: having crystals or spars. — **sullen**: dark, dull.

THE WOODPECKER

FLORENCE MERRIAM

MRS. FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY, an authority on birds and their ways, was born in Locustgrove, N.Y. This chapter is taken from "Birds through an Opera Glass."



Woodpeckers — the very name proclaims them unique. The robin drags his fish worm from its hiding place in the sod and carols his happiness to every sunrise and sunset; the sparrow eats crumbs in the dooryard and builds his nest in a sweetbrier; the thrushes turn over the brown leaves for food and chant their matins among the moss and ferns of the shadowy forest; the goldfinch balances himself on the pink thistle or yellow mullein top, while he makes them "pay toll" for his visit, and then saunters through the air in the abandonment of blue skies

and sunshine; the redwing flutes his *o-ka-lee* over cat-tails and cowslips; the bobolink, forgetting everything else, rollics amid buttercups and daisies; but the woodpecker finds his larder under the hard bark of the trees, and, oblivious to sunrise and sunset, flowering marsh and laughing meadow, clings close to the side of a stub, as if the very sun himself moved around a tree trunk!

But who knows how much these grave monomaniacs have discovered that lies a sealed book to all the world besides?

Why should we scorn them? They are philosophers! They have the secret of happiness.

Any bird could be joyous with plenty of blue sky and sunshine, and the poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, have relaxed their brows at the sight of a daisy; but what does the happy goldfinch know of the wonders of tree trunks, and what poet could find inspiration in a dead stub on a bleak November day? Jack Frost sends both thrush and goldfinch flying south, and the poets shut their study doors in his face, drawing their arm-chairs up to the hearth while they rail at November.

But the wise woodpecker clings to the side of a tree and, fluffing his feathers about his toes, makes the woods reverberate with his cheery song, — for it is a song, and bears an important part in nature's orchestra. Its rhythmical *rat tap, tap, tap, tap* not only beats time for

the chickadees and nuthatches, but is a reveille that sets all the brave winter blood tingling in our veins.

There the hardy drummer stands beating on the wood with all the enjoyment of a drum major. How handsome he looks with the scarlet cap on the back of his head, and what a fine show the white central stripe makes against the glossy black of his back!

Who can say how much he has learned from the wood spirits? What does he care for rain or storm? He can never lose his way. No woodsman need tell him how the hemlock branches tip, or how to use a lichen compass.

Do you say the birds are gone, the leaves have fallen, the bare branches rattle, rains have blackened the tree trunks? What does he care? All this makes him rejoice. The merry chickadee hears his shrill call above the moaning of the wind and the rattling of the branches, for our alchemist is turning to his lichen workshop.

The black, unshaded tree trunks turn into enchanted lichen palaces, rich with green and gold of every tint. The "pert fairies and the dapper elves" have left their magic circles in the grass, and trip lightly around the soft green velvet moss mounds so well suited for the throne of their queen.

Here they find the tiny moss spears Lowell christened "Arthurian lances," and quickly arm themselves for

deeds of fairy valor. Here, too, are dainty silver goblets from which they can quaff the crystal globes that drop one by one from the dark moss on the trees after rain. And there — what wonders in fern tracery, silver filigree, and coral for the fairy Guinevere!

But hark! the children are coming — and off the grave magician flies to watch their play from behind the neighboring tree trunk. There they come, straight to his workshop, and laugh in glee at the white chips he has scattered on the ground.

They are in league with the fairies, too, and cast magic spells over all they see. First they spy the upturned roots of a fallen tree. It is a mountain! And up they clamber to overlook their little world. And that pool left by the fall rains. Ha! It is a lake! And away they go to cross it bravely on a bridge of quaking moss.

As they pass under the shadow of a giant hemlock and pick up the cones for playthings, they catch sight of the pile of dark red sawdust at the foot of the tree and stand open-mouthed while the oldest child tells of a long ant procession she saw there when each tiny worker came to the door to drop its borings from its jaws. How big their eyes get at the story! If the woodpecker could only give his cousin the yellow-hammer's tragic sequel to it!

But soon they have found a new delight. A stem of basswood seeds whirls through the air to their feet. They all scramble for it. What a pity they have no string! The last stem they found was a kite and a spinning air top for a day's play. But this — never mind — there it goes up in the air, dancing and whirling like a gay young fairy treading the mazes with the wind.

"Just see this piece of moss! How pretty!" And so they go through the woods, till the brown beech leaves shake with their laughter, and the gray squirrels look out of their oriel tree trunk windows to see who goes by, and the absorbed magician — who can tell how much fun he steals from his lofty observation post to make him content with his stub!

Why should he fly south when every day brings him some secret of the woods, or some scene like this? Let us proclaim him the sage of the birds!

unique (ū-nēk′): unlike others. — **mat′ins**: morning songs. — **pay toll**: in what way? — **stub**: stump. — **monoma′niac**: a person interested in one idea. — **Chaucer to Wordsworth**: Chaucer lived in the fourteenth century; Wordsworth in the nineteenth. — **to rail at**: to scold. — **reveille** (rĕ-vāl′yă): a bugle call to rise. In the United States service it is commonly pronounced *rĕv′a-lē′*. — **hemlock branches tip**: the topmost twig of every hemlock tree tips to the east. — **lichen compass**: on which side of a tree trunk will lichens be found? — **al′chemist**: in olden times, one who tried to turn common metals into gold. — **Guin′evere**: the wife of King Arthur. — **tragic sequel**: the yellow-hammer feeds mainly on ants. What, then, would be the sad end of the story? — **treading the mazes**: dancing. — **o′riel window**: a bay window; strictly speaking, one that does not rest on the ground.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

FRANCIS M. FINCH was born at Ithaca, N.Y., in 1827. He is dean of the law school of Cornell University. This poem may be considered an American classic.

NOTE. — At Columbus, Miss., on Memorial Day, 1867, flowers were strewn alike upon the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

laurel: to decorate with laurel. The laurel is the emblem of victory; the willow, of grief.



TWO BOYS OF PARIS[1]

EMILE SOUVESTRE

EMILE SOUVESTRE was a French author who was born in 1806 and died in 1854. He is best known by his work as a journalist. This selection is taken from "An Attic Philosopher in Paris; or a Peep at the World from a Garret; being the Journal of a Happy Man."

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages and of the steps of some of the inhabitants.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had been there only once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet; they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his

[1] From "An Attic Philosopher." Copyright, 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.



trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is Mr. Duval: — there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant; he does not know what to do by himself."

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That 's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to

persuade him; his fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards; Magazine Street."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if he put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the little boy's account.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white'; poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with each other.

The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hidden by a velvet cap.

The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty, but who there maintain their ground with no surrender. His old blouse, patched with different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling

against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not made for him.

The countenances of the children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined; his clear blue eyes, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness.

The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by early experience: he boldly walked through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. Unfortunately, the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to feel the loss; for he often stopped before the printshops and asked his companion to read him the names of the engravings.

In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again;

notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy and the sound of kisses I soon perceived that she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or the child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked round for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking he had disappeared.

. . . . . .

It was for the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance.

Although they were much grown, I recognized them at

first sight; they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him, he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. Mr. Duval's son did not go in until he had seen the other turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not take off my cap," said he merrily, "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Master Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How 's that?"

"Mr. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and, as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"Master Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"And you are now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors, indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile and disappeared.

I went on with my walk with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Abridged.

Emile Souvestre (ā-mēl′ soo-vestr′). — **the Louvre**: a famous palace in Paris, hundreds of years old, now used as an art gallery. — **the Tuileries** (twēl′rēz): beautiful gardens near the Louvre. The Palace of the Tuileries was practically destroyed by fire in 1871. — **parapet**: a low wall; literally, a guard for the breast. — **boulevards**: broad avenues. — **blouse** (blouz): a loose jacket. — **printshop**: a shop where books and prints are sold. — **Bonne Nouvelle′**. — **cross**: a badge of honor.

THE PILGRIMS

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842–1901) was an American historian and philosopher, who was famous not only for his learning, but for the courage and vigor of his thought.

NOTE. — This selection is from "The Beginnings of New England."

After a brief stop at Southampton, where they met the "Mayflower" with friends from London, the Pilgrims again set sail in the two ships. The "Speedwell" sprang a leak, and they stopped at Dartmouth for repairs.

Again they started, and had put three hundred miles of salt water between themselves and Land's End when the "Speedwell" leaked so badly that they were forced to return. When they dropped anchor at Plymouth in Devonshire, about twenty were left on shore, and the remainder, exactly one hundred in number, crowded into the "Mayflower" and on the 6th of September started once more to cross the Atlantic.

The capacity of the little ship was one hundred and eighty tons, and her strength was but slight. In a fierce storm in mid-ocean a main beam amidships was wrenched and cracked, and but for a huge iron screw which one of the passengers had brought from Delft, they might have gone to the bottom.

The foul weather prevented any accurate calculation of latitude and longitude, and they were so far out in their reckoning that when they caught sight of land on the 9th of November, it was to Cape Cod that they had come. Their patent gave them no authority to settle here, as it was beyond the jurisdiction of the London Company.

They turned their prow southward, but encountering perilous shoals and a stiff head wind, they desisted and sought shelter in Cape Cod bay. On the 11th they decided to find some place of abode in this neighborhood, anticipating no difficulty in getting a patent from the Plymouth Company, which was anxious to obtain settlers.

For five weeks they stayed in the ship while little parties were exploring the coast and deciding upon the best site for a town. It was purely a coincidence that the spot which they chose had already received from John Smith the name of Plymouth, the beautiful port in Devonshire from which the "Mayflower" had sailed.

There was not much to remind them of home in the snow-covered coast on which they landed. They had hoped to get their rude houses built before the winter should set in, but the many delays and mishaps had served to bring them ashore in the coldest season. When the long winter came to an end, fifty-one of the hundred

Pilgrims had died, — a mortality even greater than that before which the Popham colony had succumbed.



But Brewster spoke truth when he said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

At one time the living were scarcely able to bury the dead; only Brewster, Standish, and five other hardy ones were well enough to get about.

At first they were crowded under a single roof, and, as glimpses were caught of dusky savages skulking among the trees, a platform was built on the nearest hill and a few cannon were placed there in such wise as to command the neighboring valleys and plains.

By the end of the first summer the platform had grown to a fortress, down from which to the harbor led a village street with seven houses finished and others going up. Twenty-six acres had been cleared, and a plentiful harvest gathered in; venison, wild fowl, and fish were easy to obtain.

When provisions and fuel had been laid in for the ensuing winter, Governor Bradford appointed a day of thanksgiving. Town meetings had already been held and a few laws passed. The history of New England had begun.

Abridged.

capacity: amount of weight a ship can carry. — **Brewster**: the first minister of Plymouth colony. — **Standish**: Captain Miles Standish. — **The London Company** had a charter from King James, which granted to them the coast between 34° and 38° north latitude. The Plymouth Company's charter included the coast between 41° and 45° north latitude. — **the Popham colony**: a settlement in Maine, made under the direction of the Plymouth Company. It proved a failure. — **wise**: fashion or manner; *guise* comes from the same word.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT

ALICE MEYNELL and FRANCIS BOURDILLON are English writers whose poems suggest beautiful pictures. HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802–1876) was an Englishwoman who wrote mainly on political and historical subjects.

I

All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?

Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?

ALICE MEYNELL.

II

The night hath a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
  With the dying sun.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,
  And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done.

FRANCIS BOURDILLON.

III

Beneath this starry arch
  Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
  As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
  On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,
  The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by:
  I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
  On, on, forever!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE

PSALM I

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

chaff: when grain is winnowed, the chaff, or useless part of it, is blown away by the wind.

1 Corinthians xiii

Note. — Paul, the apostle, who was sent out to preach the Christian religion to the Gentiles, or foreigners, was born at Tarsus. He was brought up as a strict Jew, but was converted to Christianity, and suffered much for his faith. By trade he was a tent maker. Paul was put to death at Rome, in the time of the Emperor Nero. The following selection is from a letter which Paul wrote to the Christian Church at Corinth.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

charity: love. — **sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal**: both make an unmeaning noise. A cymbal is an instrument made of two plates of brass, which are clashed together. The revised version of this passage gives *clanging*, which describes the sound more clearly.

ORIOLES AND HUMMING BIRDS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



RIOLES are in great plenty with me. I have seen seven flashing about the garden at once. A merry crew of them swing their hammocks from the pendulous boughs. During one of these latter years, when the cankerworms stripped our elms as bare as winter, these birds went to the trouble of rebuilding their unroofed nests, and chose for the purpose trees which are safe from those swarming vandals, such as the ash and the buttonwood.

Last year a pair built on the lowest trailer of a weeping elm, which hung within ten feet of our drawing-room window, and so low that I could reach it from the ground.

The nest was wholly woven and felted with ravelings of woolen carpet in which scarlet predominated. Would the same thing have happened in the woods? Or did the

nearness of a human dwelling perhaps give the birds a greater feeling of security?

They are very bold, by the way, in quest of cordage, and I have often watched them stripping the fibrous bark from a honeysuckle growing over the very door. But, indeed, all my birds look upon me as if I were a mere tenant at will, and they were landlords.

With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming bird. This spring, as I was cleansing a pear tree of its lichens, one of these little zigzagging blurs came purring toward me, couching his long bill like a lance, his throat sparkling with angry fire, to warn me off from a Missouri currant whose honey he was sipping. And many a time he has driven me out of a flower bed.

This summer, by the way, a pair of these winged emeralds fastened their mossy acorn cup upon a bough of the same elm which the orioles had enlivened the year before. We watched all their proceedings from the window through an opera glass, and saw their two nestlings grow from black needles with a tuft of down at the lower end, till they whirled away on their first short flights.

Abridged.

buttonwood: the American sycamore. — **vandal**: one who willfully destroys. The word originally meant a wanderer and was the name given to some of the fierce tribes that plundered Rome. — **mossy acorn cup**: the small, cup-shaped nest of the rubythroat, the only humming bird in the United States. The nest is usually covered with lichens.

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

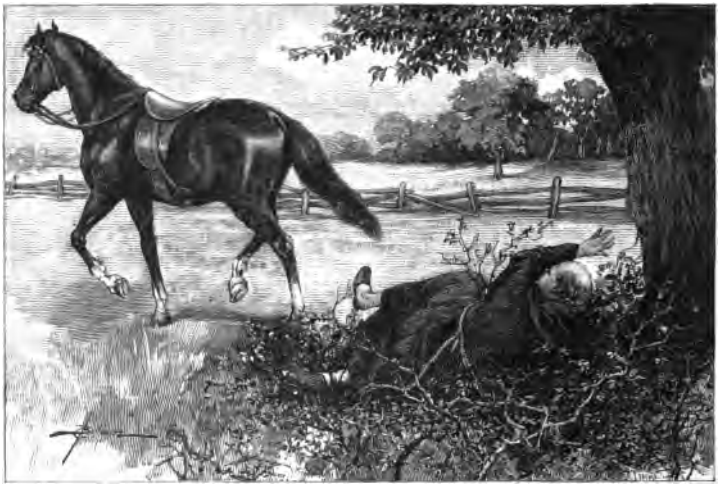
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785–1866) was an English poet and humorist. He was one of the best classical scholars of his time.

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.



"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been if some traveler this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

THE YOUNG PRINTER

JAMES PARTON

JAMES PARTON was an American journalist who wrote many popular books of history and biography during the middle years of the nineteenth century. This selection is taken from the "Life of Horace Greeley."

NOTE. — Horace Greeley was the son of a poor New Hampshire farmer. The boy learned to read at a very early age, and though he had to work on the farm, he found time for his books too. When he grew up he became famous as the founder of the *New York Tribune*.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock, when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager and one of the proprietors of the *Northern Spectator*, might have been seen in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosesoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and, supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone.

In a few minutes he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining. It said, "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?" Mr. Bliss then turned, and, resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him.

He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of a light, tall, and slender form, dressed in the plain, farmer's cloth of the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His trousers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated "high-lows," and much worn down; his hat was of felt, "one of the old stamp, with so small a brim that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than anything else"; and it was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head "rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline."

The general effect of the figure and costume presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing. He restrained himself, however, and replied, "Yes, I'm the man." Whereupon the stranger asked, "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?"

"Well," said Mr. Bliss, "we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?"

"I've had some notion of it," said the boy in true

Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it and longing for it for years. Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled, — astonished that such a fellow as



the boy looked to be should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion.

So, with an expression on his countenance such as a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to

assume if a hod carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, "Well, my boy; but, you know, it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't had much chance at school; I've read a little." "What have you read?" asked Mr. Bliss. "Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of 'most everything." "Where do you live?" "At Westhaven." "How did you come over?" "I came on foot." "What's your name?" "Horace Greeley."

Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an inspector of common schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office — examining and licensing teachers — he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel.

The inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon the boy, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to "stump" candidates for the office of teacher.

The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly, and modestly. He could not be "stumped" in the ordinary school studies, and of the

books he had read he could give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss's own account of the interview he says, "In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness and common sense in what he said that at once commanded my regard."

After half an hour's conversation with the boy Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein which can be much better imagined than described.

The foreman at first was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should for one moment think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer's apprentice. Ten minutes' talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy's favor. He tore off a slip of proof paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss.

That piece of paper was his fate. The words were, "*Guess we'd better try him.*" Away went Horace to the garden and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary

contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real quality, now entered into a long conversation with him, questioned him respecting his history, his past employments, his parents, their circumstances, his own intentions and wishes; and the longer he talked the more his admiration grew.

The result was that he agreed to accept Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then, with eager steps and a light heart, the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

"You 're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" asked one of the apprentices at the close of the day. "I am," was the reply, "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you 'd better get it quick, or you 'll be too late. There 's something *in* that tow-head, as you 'll find out before you 're a week older."

A day or two after, Horace packed up his wardrobe in a small cotton handkerchief. Small as it was, it would have held more; for its proprietor never had more than two shirts and one change of outer clothing at the same time, till he was of age. Father and son walked side by side to Poultney, the boy carrying his possessions upon a stick over his shoulder.

Abridged.

THE NÜRNBERG STOVE — I

Louise de la Ramée

August lived in a little town far away over the sea. It had the green meadows and the great mountains all about it, and the gray-green glacier-fed water rushed by it. He was a small boy of nine years — a chubby-faced little man with rosy cheeks, big eyes, and clusters of curls the brown of ripe nuts. His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were many mouths at home to feed. Still they were a happy family, for the elder sister took good care of them and they loved one another dearly.

One cold, dark night little August was hurrying home, half frozen and a little frightened, but he kept up his courage by saying over and over again to himself, "Soon I shall be at home with Hirschvogel."

Now Hirschvogel was a stove, a great porcelain stove, eight feet tall. It was not like our stoves, for instead of being black it was burnished with all the hues of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels. It had flowers and figures painted all over it; its golden feet were shaped like lion's claws, and on the top of all was a great golden crown.

It was a very old stove, and no doubt had stood in palaces and been made for princes, for it was a right

royal thing. Yet perhaps it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor, bare room, sending down heat and comfort into the troop of children on the wolf skin at its feet.

At last August was indeed at home, and as the door flew open at his knock he darted in shouting, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died! You are almost as great and good as the sun! No; you are greater and better, I think, because he goes away all these long, dark, cold hours, but you — you are always ready; just a little bit of wood to feed you, and you will make a summer for us the winter through!"

The grand old stove seemed to smile at the praises of the child. When August had eaten his supper he lay down on the floor with the children around him on the great wolf-skin rug. With some sticks of charcoal he drew pictures of what he had seen during the day. And Hirschvogel looked down on what he was doing.

For the stove was called Hirschvogel in the family as if it were a living creature, and little August was very proud because he too had been named after that famous old dead German who had made so glorious a thing. All the children loved the stove, but August used to say to himself, "When I am a man I will make just such things as our beautiful stove."



In the midst of their chatter and laughter the door opened and let in a spray of driven snow. Their father had come home and the children ran to meet him, but he looked so dull and tired that the elder sister led them away to bed. Only August stayed behind lying on the worn old rug before the stove. There was a long silence. Then the father said sadly, "I have sold Hirschvogel." And his voice was husky in his throat. "You must have food and clothes, and the winter is so cold."

"Oh, father!" cried August, "it is not true; say it is not true!" His sister had turned white as the snow outside. The father gave a dreary laugh.

"It is true. It is true, too, that there is no work to be had, and you must eat. The man comes for it to-morrow."

"Oh, father," cried August, "dear father, you cannot mean what you say! We shall all die in the dark and the cold. Sell *me* instead. I will not mind. Oh, listen; I will go and try to get work to-morrow! I will ask them to let me cut ice or make the paths through the snow. There must be something I could do."

The father was moved by the boy's grief. He loved his children, and their pain was pain to him. But he despised himself for selling the heirloom of his race, and every word of the child stung him with a sense of shame.

"The stove is sold," he answered. "There is no more to be said. Children like you have nothing to do with such matters." Then he took the lamp which stood at his elbow and went away to his room with a cloud before his eyes.

August's sister lingered by him, trying to comfort him and to persuade him to go to his place in the little crowded bedchamber.

"I shall stay here," he answered her. And he stayed all the night long.

The lamp went out; the air of the room grew like ice. August did not move. He lay with his face down at the foot of the beautiful stove.

THE NÜRNBERG STOVE — II

Hirschvogel was gone — gone forever. August stood still, leaning against the wall of the house. An old neighbor came by and, seeing the boy, said to him: —

"Child, is it true that your father is selling the big stove?"

August nodded his head, then burst into tears.

"The stove is worth its weight in gold," said the neighbor.

"I do not care what it is worth!" August moaned. "I loved it! I loved it!"

"I would do better than cry," said the old man kindly. "I would go after it. When you are bigger go after it. The world is a small place, after all, and I know that your stove will be safe, whoever gets it. Don't cry; you will see it again some day."

August's heart was fluttering with this new idea. "Go after it," the old man had said. "Why not go with it?" thought the boy. He ran out of the yard and followed the sleigh which was carrying Hirschvogel to the station. Where it went he would go.

How he managed it he never knew very clearly himself; but certain it is that when the train from the north moved out of the station August was hidden behind the stove. No doubt he was very naughty, but it never occurred to him that he was so. His whole mind and heart were absorbed in one idea, — to follow his beloved friend and fire king.

It was very dark, but August was not frightened. He was close to Hirschvogel and presently he meant to be closer still; for he planned to do nothing less than get inside Hirschvogel itself.

He set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the straw and hay which enveloped the stove. He gnawed,

and nibbled, and pulled, and pushed, just as a mouse would have done, making a hole where he guessed that the opening of the stove was — the opening through which he had so often thrust the big oak logs to feed it. At last he found it and slipped through, as he had so often done for fun at home. Air came in through the brass fretwork of the stove, and with admirable caution he drew together the hay and straw so that no one would ever have dreamed that a little mouse had been at work.

Being now quite safe, he curled himself up and went fast asleep, as if he were in his own bed. The train lumbered on, and the child slept soundly for a long while. When he awoke it was dark outside, and for a while he was sorely frightened and sobbed in a quiet fashion, thinking of them all at home. He felt the cold sides of the great stove and said softly, "Take care of me, oh, take care of me, dear Hirschvogel!"

Every time the train stopped and he heard the banging and shouting that went on, his heart seemed to jump into his mouth. If they should find him out! That was what he kept thinking all the way, all through the dark hours which seemed without end.

At last the train stopped and the Nürnberg stove, with August inside it, was lifted out. The men moved it gently and with care, for was it not marked "fragile and

valuable"? The boy thought he was carried for miles and miles. His tongue was parching with thirst and his throat felt on fire. He could hear the men grumble at the heavy weight they were moving, but they little dreamed that within the stove lay a panting, trembling boy. By and by Hirschvogel was set down again, and the steps seemed to go very far away.

Presently he heard new voices, and he could tell by the sounds that the wrappings of hay and straw were being stripped from the stove. He did not know it, but he was in the royal castle. There came a fresh step near him and he heard a man's voice say, "So! It is very beautiful. It is without doubt the work of Hirschvogel."

Then the handle of the brass door turned, and the fainting little prisoner grew sick with fear. The door opened, some one bent down and looked in, and the same voice said aloud in surprise, "What is this? A living child!"

Then August sprang out of the body of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker.

"Oh, let me stay!" he cried. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel."

Suddenly hands seized him, not gently by any means, and he was about to be dragged from the room when the kind voice said, "Poor little child! he is very young; let him speak to me."

The word of a king is law to his courtiers; so sorely against their wish the angry chamberlains let August slide out of their grasp, and he stood there in his little rough sheepskin coat and his thick, mud-covered boots, in the most beautiful room he had ever dreamed of, and in the presence of a young man with eyes full of dreams and fire. And the young man said to him: —

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Tell me the truth. I am the king."

Then August cast down upon the floor his old battered hat, and folded his little brown hands. He was so glad — so glad it was the king.

"Oh, dear king!" he said in his faint little voice, "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives. But father sold it, and I have come all the way inside it, and I do beg you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning to cut wood for it, if only you will let me stay beside it."

Now there was something in the child's face which pleased and touched the king. He motioned to his gentlemen to leave the child alone.

"Have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way?" he asked.

"Yes," said August; "no one thought to look inside till you did."

The king laughed; then another view of the matter occurred to him.

"Who bought the stove of your father?" he inquired.

"Traders of Munich," said August simply.

"Do you know what sum they paid?" asked the king.

"Two hundred florins," said August, with a great sigh of shame. "It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

"Send for these dealers of Munich," the king said to his chamberlains. "And now, my little fellow, you are very pale. When did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me; yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water I should be glad; my throat is very dry," said August.

The king had water and food brought for the boy, but August could not eat though he drank eagerly.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel? May I stay?" he begged.

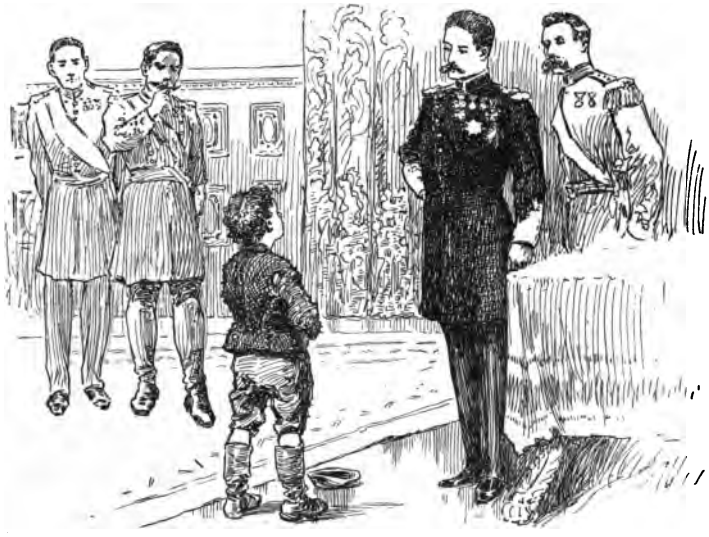
"Wait a little," said the king. "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter," said August. "I wish to be what Hirschvogel was — I mean the master that made *my* Hirschvogel."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought into their sovereign's presence. They were so greatly alarmed that they looked very foolish indeed.

"Did you buy this stove for two hundred florins?"



the king asked them, and his voice was no longer kind, but very stern.

"Yes, Your Majesty," murmured the traders.

"And how much did the gentleman who purchased it for me give to you?"

"Two thousand ducats, Your Majesty," answered the dealers.

"You will give at once to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received, less the two hundred florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are great rogues. Be thankful that I do not punish you further."

August heard and felt dazzled, yet miserable.

"O please let me stay," he murmured, joining his little brown hands.

"Will I let you stay?" said the king. "Yes, you shall stay at my court and be taught to be a painter, — in oils or on porcelain, as you will, — and if when you are twenty-one you have done bravely, I will give you the Nürnberg stove."

August is only a scholar yet, but he is a happy scholar and promises to be a great man. Sometimes he goes back to his home and there in the old room is a large white porcelain stove, — the gift of the king; and the boy never fails to go into the great church and give his thanks to God, who blessed his strange journey in the Nürnberg stove.

Adapted.

Nürnberg: Nuremberg, the chief town of Bavaria. — **August** (ow'gŏŏst): Augustus. — **Hirschvogel** (hĭrsh-fō'g'l): August Hirschvogel was a famous pottery painter of Nuremburg. — **heir'loom**: any personal property handed down from one generation to another. — **chamberlain**: an officer of the king's household. — **flor'in**: a silver coin worth about thirty-five cents in Austria. — **duc'at**: a gold ducat is worth about two dollars.

THE WILD DOVES OF ST. FRANCIS

WILLIAM E. A. AXON

WILLIAM E. A. AXON (1846–) is an English writer who is actively interested in education and in reform movements of various kinds.

NOTE. — This legend was originally given in an Italian book called "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." Francis, the founder of a famous religious order, is here represented as coming forth from a little church.

A Tuscan peasant youth he saw, who bore
Tethered and bound a swarm of young wild doves,
Poor pris'ners who were doomed to sale and death.
St. Francis, who loved all the things on earth,
All gentle creatures that have breath and life,
Felt in his heart a deep compassion born,
And looked at them with eyes of tender ruth.
"O good young man," he cried, "I pray that you
Will give to me these poor and harmless birds —
Sweet emblems they of pure and faithful souls —
So they may never fall in ruthless hands
That quench such lives in cruelty and blood."
The youth had snared the birds within the woods,
Was taking them to market, where their doom
He knew was slaughter — sudden, cruel death;
Nor had one thought of pity moved his mind,
And yet, when gentle Francis made his plea
It found an answer in the young man's heart;

For use may blunt and thoughtless custom dim
The mind to deeds of needless pain and death,
Yet in each soul there is a secret cell
Whose echo answers to the voice of truth.
So the youth gave the wild doves to the saint,
And wondered what the holy man would do
With these poor captives from the woods and trees.
St. Francis took them to his loving heart,
And on his breast they nestled safe and warm.
"Dear little sisters," said the holy man,
"Why did you let them take your liberty?
Why place yourselves in peril of your lives?
But you are safe from every danger now,
And I will care for you and build you nests
Where you may safely rear your little brood,
And live your lives as God would have you do,
Who is the father of all living things."
The wild doves listened to his tender words,
And in his eyes they saw affection beam,
And in his voice they heard their Father's voice.
So the wild birds were tamed by love alone,
And dwelt with Francis in his convent home,
And there he built them nests that they might live
Their free and happy lives without annoy. Abridged

Tuscan: Tuscany is a province of Italy. — **ruth**: pity.

THE TAKING OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "The Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley novels, from the name of the first one of the series. Scott died in 1832.

NOTE. — In the early part of the fourteenth century Edinburgh Castle, at that time in the possession of English soldiers, was captured by the daring of Sir Thomas Randolph, one of Bruce's great commanders.

This selection is taken from "Tales of a Grandfather."

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of Scotland and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in the possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely anxious to gain this important place; but the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to

speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle,



which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his lady, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side. When he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis offered to

guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men, chosen for activity and courage, and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling or a word spoken from one to another would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party lay close, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, trusting that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers,

willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred or made the slightest noise, they would have been destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning), passed on.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When they were once within the walls there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken.

Abridged.

Edinburgh (ed'in-bur-ro): the ancient capital of Scotland and one of the most interesting cities in the world. — **Robert Bruce**: the champion of the Scottish people. He won independence for Scotland at Bannockburn in 1314, and reigned over the kingdom for fifteen years.

THE WIND OF MARCH

JOHN G. WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was well known for his liberal spirit and for the high moral character of his poems.

Up from the sea, the wild north wind is blowing
Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm boughs, knowing
It is the wind of March.

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and lowering
Invite the airs of Spring,
A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering,
The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes follow
This northern hurricane,
And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow
Shall visit us again.



THE LOVE OF GOD[1]

SAXE HOLM

"SAXE HOLM" was the assumed name of an American writer whose real name was never discovered.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

LYING

PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), was an English courtier, famous for his good manners. His letters to his son are justly celebrated.

It is as unjust to persecute, as it is absurd to ridicule, people for those several opinions which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason. It is

[1] From Saxe Holm's "Stories." Copyright, 1874, by Scribner, Armstrong & Company.

the man who tells, or who acts a lie, that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie.

I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity, and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be) I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny.

If I lie, or equivocate (for it is the same thing), in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger and the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear as well as my falsehood, and only increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning

for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practices them always deserves to be and often will be kicked.

There is another sort of lies, inoffensive in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honor to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself has ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes whatever other people have heard or read of. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule.

Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world with either your conscience or your honor unwounded. It is not only your duty but your interest, as a proof of which you may always observe that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding.

Abridged.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) was one of the greatest of English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the Lake Poets, because they lived in the lake district of England and described that region. Wordsworth was a poet of remarkable but unequal powers. He succeeded Southey as poet laureate, and was himself succeeded by Tennyson.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude;
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane; — there 's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behoove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

cel'andine: the small celandine belongs to the buttercup family. — **kingcups**: buttercups. — **rout**: tumult. — **trow**: think. It is often wrongly used as *know*. — **wanton**: roving.



THE HERO OF HAARLEM[1]

MARY MAPES DODGE

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE has been for many years the editor of *St. Nicholas*. She has also written many delightful books and poems for young people.

NOTE. — The book from which this selection is taken is an interesting story of Dutch life.

Many years ago there lived in Haarlem, one of the principal cities of Holland, a sunny-haired boy of gentle disposition. His father was a sluicer; that is, a man whose business it was to open and close the sluices, or large oaken gates that are placed at regular distances across the entrances of the canals to regulate the amount of water that shall flow into them.

The sluicer raises the gates more or less, according to the quantity of water required, and closes them carefully at night, in order to avoid all possible danger of an oversupply running into the canal, or the water would soon overflow it and inundate the surrounding country.

As a great portion of Holland is lower than the level of the sea, the waters are kept from flooding the land only by means of strong dikes, or barriers, and by means of these sluices, which are often strained to the utmost by

[1] From "Hans Brinker." Copyright, 1865, 1875, 1893, 1896, by M. M. Dodge. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.


J.M. Ferguson Kennedy

the pressure of the rising tides. Even the little children in Holland know that constant watchfulness is required to keep the rivers and ocean from overwhelming the country, and that a moment's neglect of the sluicer's duty may bring ruin and death to all.

One lovely autumn afternoon, when the boy was about eight years old, he obtained his parents' consent to carry some cakes to a blind man who lived out in the country, on the other side of the dike. The little fellow started on his errand with a light heart, and, having spent an hour with his grateful old friend, he bade him farewell and started on his homeward walk.

Trudging stoutly along by the canal, he noticed how the autumn rains had swollen the waters. Even while humming his careless, childish song he thought of his father's brave old gates and felt glad of their strength; for, thought he, "if they gave way, where would father and mother be? These pretty fields would be all covered with the angry waters. Father always calls them the angry waters; I suppose he thinks they are mad at him for keeping them out so long."

And, with these thoughts just flitting across his brain, the little fellow stooped to pick the pretty blue flowers that grew along his way. Sometimes he stopped to throw some feathery seed ball in the air and watch it as it floated

away; sometimes he listened to the stealthy rustling of a rabbit speeding through the grass; but oftener he smiled as he recalled the happy light he had seen arise on the weary, listening face of his blind old friend.

Suddenly the boy looked around him in dismay. He had not noticed that the sun was setting; now he saw that his long shadow on the grass had vanished. It was growing dark. He was still some distance from home, and in a lonely ravine where even the blue flowers had turned to gray. He quickened his footsteps, and with a beating heart recalled many a nursery tale of children belated in dreary forests.

Just as he was bracing himself for a run he was startled by the sound of trickling water. Whence did it come? He looked up and saw a small hole in the dike, through which a tiny stream was flowing. Any child in Holland will shudder at the thought of a leak in the dike. The boy understood the danger at a glance. That little hole, if the water were allowed to trickle through, would soon be a large one, and a terrible inundation would be the result.

Quick as a flash he saw his duty. Throwing away his flowers, the boy clambered stone by stone until he reached the hole. His chubby little finger was thrust in almost before he knew it. The flowing was stopped! "Ah!"

he thought, with a chuckle of boyish delight, "the angry waters must stay back now! Haarlem shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first; but the night was falling rapidly. Chill vapors filled the air. Our little hero began to tremble with cold and dread. He shouted loudly; he screamed, "Come here, come here!" but no one came. The cold grew more intense. A numbness, commencing in the tired little finger, crept over his hand and arm; and soon his whole body was filled with pain. He shouted again, "Will no one come? Mother, mother!"

Alas! his mother, good, practical soul, had already locked the doors, and had fully resolved to scold him on the morrow for spending the night with the blind man without her permission. He tried to whistle, — perhaps some straggling boy might heed the signal, — but his teeth chattered so that it was impossible. Then he called on God for help; and the answer came through a holy resolution, — "I will stay here till morning."

The midnight moon looked down upon that small solitary form, sitting upon a stone, half way up the dike. His head was bent, but he was not asleep; for now and then one restless hand rubbed feebly the outstretched arm that seemed fastened to the wall; and often the pale, tearful face turned quickly at some real or fancied sound.

How can we know the sufferings of that long and fearful watch! What falterings of purpose, what childish terrors came over the boy as he thought of the warm little bed at home, of his parents, his brothers and sisters, then looked into the cold, dreary night!

If he drew away that tiny finger, the angry waters, grown angrier still, would rush forth and never stop until they had swept over the town. No; he would hold it there till daylight — if he lived. He was not very sure of living. What did this strange buzzing mean? and then the knives that seemed pricking and piercing him from head to foot? He was not certain now that he could draw his finger away, even if he wished to.

At daybreak a clergyman, returning from the bedside of a sick parishioner, thought he heard groans as he walked along on the top of the dike. Bending, he saw far down on the side a child apparently writhing with pain.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am keeping the water from running out," was the simple answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quick."

They did come quickly, and Haarlem was saved.



THE STAY-AT-HOME[1]

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY is a young American poet. Her dramas and lyrics are of unusual quality and beauty, both in thought and in form.

I have waited, I have longed —
  I have longed as none can know,
All my spring and summer time,
  For this day to come and go;
And the foolish heart was mine,
Dreaming I would see them shine, —
Harlequin and Columbine
  And Pierrot!

Now the laughing has gone by,
  On the highway from the inn;

[1] From "Fortune and Men's Eyes," by Josephine Preston Peabody. By permission of Small, Maynard & Company, Publishers.

And the dust has settled down,
  And the house is dead within.
And I stay — who never go —
Looking out upon the snow,
Columbine and Pierrot
  And Harlequin!

All the rainbow things you see
  Understream are not so fine;
And their voices weave and cling
  Like my honeysuckle vine,
Lovely as a violin!
Mellow gold and silver-thin:
Pierrot and Harlequin
  And Columbine!

Oh, the people that have seen,
  They forget that it was so!
They, who never stay at home,
  Say "'T is nothing but a show."
And I keep the passion in;
And I bide; and I spin.
Columbine . . . Harlequin
  . . . Pierrot!

Har'lequin, Col'umbine, and **Pierrot** (pē-ăr-rō'): characters in a popular Italian pantomime.

CHILD LIFE ON A SEA ISLAND

CELIA THAXTER



I well remember my first sight of White Island, where we took up our abode on leaving the mainland. I was scarcely five years old; but from the upper windows of our dwelling in Portsmouth I had been shown the clustered masts of ships lying at the wharves along the river, faintly outlined against the sky, and, baby as I was, even then I was drawn, with a vague longing, seaward.

How delightful was that first sail to the Isles of Shoals! How pleasant the sound of the ripple against the boat side, the sight of the wide water and limitless sky, the warmth of the broad sunshine that made us blink like young sandpipers as we sat in triumph, perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden!

It was at sunset in autumn that we were set ashore on that loneliest, lovely rock, where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall black-capped giant, and filled me with awe and wonder. At its base a few goats were grouped on the rock, standing out dark against the red sky as I looked up at them.

The stars were beginning to twinkle; the wind blew cold, charged with the sea's sweetness; the sound of many waters half bewildered me. Some one began to light the lamps in the tower. Rich red and golden, they swung round in mid-air; everything was strange and fascinating and new.

We entered the quaint little old stone cottage. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling and deep window seats, showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers, with whose force we soon grew acquainted! A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea.

It takes so little to make a healthy child happy; and we never wearied of our few resources. True, the winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless. Into the deep window seats we climbed, and with pennies (for which we had no

other use) made round holes in the thick frost, breathing on them till they were warm, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather, watching the vessels scudding over the intensely dark blue sea, all "feather white" where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the kelp-covered rocks.

In the long covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house we played in stormy days; and every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and think how far the lighthouse sent its rays, and how many hearts it gladdened.

As I grew older I was allowed to kindle the lamp sometimes myself. That was indeed a pleasure. So little a creature as I might do that much for the great world! But by the fireside our best pleasure lay, — with plants and singing birds and books and playthings and loving care and kindness the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away, and died into the summer calm.

We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter; but with spring came manifold life to our lonely dwelling, — human life among other forms. Our neighbors from Star rowed across; the pilot-boat from Portsmouth steered over, and brought us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months.

We waited for the spring with an eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds, the everlasting beauty of the thousand tender tints that clothed the world, — these things brought us unspeakable bliss. To the heart of Nature one must needs be drawn in such a life; and very soon I learned how richly she repays in deep refreshment the reverent love of her worshiper.

We played with the empty limpet shells; they were mottled gray and brown, like the song sparrow's breast. We launched fleets of purple mussel shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, — pools that were like bits of fallen rainbow with the wealth of the sea, with tints of delicate seaweeds, crimson and green and ruddy brown and violet; where wandered the pearly eolis with rosy spines and fairy horns; and the large, round sea urchins, like the boss upon a shield, were fastened here and there on the rock at the bottom, putting out from their green, prickly spikes transparent tentacles to seek their invisible food.

Rosy and lilac starfish clung to the sides; in some dark nook perhaps a holothure unfolded its perfect forms, a lovely, warm buff color, delicate as frostwork. . . . The dimmest recesses were haunts of sea anemones that opened wide their starry flowers to the flowing tide, or drew

themselves together, and hung in large, half-transparent drops, like clusters of some strange, amber-colored fruit, along the crevices as the water ebbed away.

We picked out from the kelp roots a kind of starfish which we called sea spider; the moment we touched it an extraordinary process began. One by one it disjointed all its sections, — whether from fear or anger we knew not; but it threw itself away, bit by bit, until there was nothing left of it save the little round body whence the legs had sprung!

I remember in the spring kneeling on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil, and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Later the little scarlet pimpernel charmed me. It seemed more than a flower; it was like a human thing.

I knew it by its homely name of "poor man's weather-glass." It was so much wiser than I, for, when the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come. How could it know so much?

Abridged.

White Island: one of the Isles of Shoals, off the New Hampshire coast. — **Star**: another and the largest of the group. — **e'olis**: a mollusk having spines along the back. — **boss**: the central projection, rounded like a knob. — **hol'othure**: a water polyp. The sea cucumber is a holothure. — **sea anem'ones**: simple forms of animal life resembling flowers.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

ALFRED CHURCH

ALFRED JOHN CHURCH is an English author who has done much to bring the old Greek and Roman stories to the attention of boys and girls. This story is found in the Latin history written by Livy. Macaulay tells it in stirring verse in his "Lays of Ancient Rome."

King Porsenna gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the side of the river, and this hill King Porsenna took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave

this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that ye have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."



As he spake he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome brake down the bridge.

When there was but a small part remaining, and they that brake it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsenna, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans. Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now altogether broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day with all reverence that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as

he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

Horatius (Hora'tius Co'clēs) lived about 500 B.C. — **Liv'y.** — **Porsen'na**: many authorities spell this with one *n*, and throw the accent on the first syllable, as Macaulay has done. — **Janic'ulum**: a fortified hill. — **Lar'tius** and **Hermin'ius**: members of two of the patrician or aristocratic tribes of Rome. Horatius belonged to a third. — **Tiber**: a famous river in Italy, worshiped by the ancient Romans. — **brake**: an old form for *broke*.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER[1] (1842–1881) was a Southern poet. His love of music was almost as strong as his love of poetry, and his verse is full of melody and sweetness. He wrote several books for boys, among them the "Boys' Froissart."

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side

[1] lă-neer'.

With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
— Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main;
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Habersham and **Hall**: counties of northern Georgia. — **amain'**: with full force. — **thrall**: slave. — **laving laurel**: the laurel dipping or bathing in the water. — **dewberry**: low-growing blackberry. — **brawl**: quarrel. The word is also used to express the sound a rapid stream makes among stones. — **lures**: something fascinating and attractive. — **fain**: wishful. — **main**: the ocean. — **myriad**: a large number; literally, ten thousand.

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR[1]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE is an American writer who draws delightful pictures of Southern life.

Let me see if I can describe an old Virginia home. It may perhaps be idealized by the haze of time; but it will be as I now remember it.



The mansion was a plain "weatherboard" house, one story and a half above the half-basement ground floor, set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories filled in with ash, maples, and feathery-leafed locusts

[1] From "The Old South." Copyright, 1892. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

without number. It had quaint dormer windows, with small panes, poking out from its sloping upstairs rooms, and long porches to shelter its walls from the sun and allow house life in the open air.

The furniture was old-timey and plain; mahogany and rosewood bedsteads and dressers black with age, and polished till they shone like mirrors, hung with draperies white as snow; straight-backed chairs generations old interspersed with common new ones; long sofas; old shining tables with slender brass-tipped legs, straight or fluted, holding some fine old books, and in springtime a blue or flowered bowl or two with glorious roses; book-cases filled with brown-backed, much-read books.

The servants' houses, smokehouse, washhouse, and carpenter shop were set around the back yard; and farther off "the quarters," — whitewashed, substantial buildings, each for a family, with chicken-houses hard by, and with yards closed in by split palings, filled with fruit trees.

The life about the place was amazing. There were the busy children playing in groups, the boys of the family mingling with the little darkies and forming the associations which frequently tempered slavery and made the relation one of friendship. There were the little girls in their great sunbonnets, often sewed on to preserve the wonderful peach-blossom complexions, playing about the

yard or garden, wishing they were boys and getting scoldings from "mammy" for being tomboys and tearing their aprons and dresses. There passed young negro girls, blue-habited, running about bearing messages, while about the smokehouse or dairy or wood pile there was always some movement and life. The recurrent hum on the air of spinning wheels, like the drone of some great insect, sounded from cabins where the turbaned spinners spun their fleecy rolls into yarn for the looms which were clacking from the loom rooms, making homespun for the plantation.

From the back yard and quarters the laughter of women and the shrill, joyous voices of children came. Far off, in the fields, the white-shirted "plowers" followed, singing, their slow teams in the fresh furrows, wagons rattled and ox carts crawled along, or gangs of hands in lines performed their work in the corn or tobacco fields, loud shouts and peals of laughter, mellowed by the distance, floating up from time to time, telling that the heart was light and the toil not too heavy.

There was never any loneliness; it was movement and life without bustle; while somehow, in the midst of it all, the house seemed to sit enthroned in perpetual tranquillity, with outstretched wings under its spreading oaks, sheltering its children like a great gray dove. Adapted.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (klŭf) was an English poet. He was born in 1819. As a child he lived for a time in the United States, but he was educated in England. Later he taught and lectured in Cambridge, Mass. He died in Italy in 1861.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild northwesters rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE. — This story is found in Hawthorne's "The Snow Image, and Other Twice Told Tales." In the Franconia Mountains in New Hampshire there is a "Great Stone Face," called the *Old Man of the Mountain*. It was not carved by the hand of man, but the face is very clear and distinct. No doubt it suggested this story.

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the

machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life.

But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance.

It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther



he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, "if I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray, tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The purport was that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face

became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love which was meant for all became his peculiar portion.

The story goes on to record apparent fulfillments of the ancient prophecy which had excited such hope and longing in the boy's heart.

First came the merchant Mr. Gathergold, who had gone forth from the valley in childhood and now returned with wealth like that of Midas in the fable. Ernest thought of all the ways by which a man of wealth might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and he waited the great man's coming, hoping to behold the prophetic personage, the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. But he turned sadly away from the people who were shouting, "The very image of the Great Stone Face," and gazed up the valley, where, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those

glorious features which had so impressed themselves into his soul.

Ten years later it began to be affirmed that one who had gone forth to be a soldier, and was now a great commander, bore striking likeness to the Great Stone Face. Indeed, it was remembered by some that even as a boy the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image. Again at middle life, when Ernest had become a preacher, and uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him, there came a report that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of an eminent statesman. And Ernest's hopes, like those of the valley people, were fixed upon this wondrous orator. But in both soldier and orator the cherished hopes were doomed to disappointment, and Ernest became an aged man with his childhood's prophecy yet unfulfilled.

Meantime Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Wise and busy men of cities came from far to converse with him. While they talked together his face would kindle, unaware, and shine upon them as with mild evening light. Passing up the valley as they took their leave, and pausing to look at the Great Stone Face, his guests imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He likewise was a native of the valley. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. As he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning found him at Ernest's cottage.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the

Great Stone Face. But his countenance fell; he shook his head and sighed.

"You hoped," said the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face, and you are disappointed. I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities." The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So likewise were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a distance was seen the Great Stone Face, with solemnity and cheer in its benignant aspect.

At a small elevation, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon the

audience. He began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived.

The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistened with tears as he gazed reverently at the venerable man. At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, —

"Behold! behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

Adapted.

Ti'tan: giant. In ancient mythology the Titans were the children of Heaven and Earth. — **chaot'ic**: confused. — **Mi'das**: a king who could turn everything into gold. Read Hawthorne's story of "The Golden Touch." — **typ'ified**: represented. — **tap'estry**: cloth, often beautifully embroidered, used as hangings to cover a wall.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY is an American writer and educator. He was born in Indiana in 1869.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
  Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
  And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
  In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
  On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
  Long in the bowlder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
  From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the chokecherry lifts high up
  Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
  Beach peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
  Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea gulls go,
  And the land birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh flags grow
  Was a scarlet tanager.

. . . . . .

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes through
  Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
  With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
  And when will his wage come in?

. . . . . .

Jill-o'er-the-ground and **quaker-maid**: common wild flowers in New England.



THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF CONCORD FIGHT

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, an American author and orator, was born in Providence, R.I., in 1824. He came of a long line of brave and independent thinkers, and from his earliest manhood he was never afraid to take the unpopular side. Truth, honor, and courtesy were exemplified in him. Mr. Curtis died in 1892.

NOTE. — One hundred years after the fight at Concord, which took place April 19, 1775, a celebration was held in memory of that event. The statue of a minuteman, which marks the scene of the battle, was dedicated on this occasion.

The minuteman of the Revolution! — he was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill.

He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!"

The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much, and that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minuteman of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children.

And here among these peaceful fields, — here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and eighty-six years later gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty, — here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minuteman stood at the old North Bridge!

But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man!

No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capitol, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drumbeat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, — there, minutemen of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin!

Abridged.

minuteman: so called because each man was ready to fight at a minute's notice. — **arrogance of caste**: social pride; the spirit which leads one class of society to despise another.

THE SHEPHERD'S FEAST

(A Story from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale")

Nina Moore Tiffany

Note. — "The Winter's Tale" was probably the last comedy that Shakespeare wrote. It was written in the years 1610–1611. The witty rogue Autolycus was a character in fiction long before Shakespeare's day. In Homer's "Odyssey" he is spoken of as the prince of thieves (Book XIX, lines 392–398). In this story he is a peddler.

There was once an old shepherd who bade his friends to a sheep-shearing feast.

This was toward the harvest time, when all were in the mood for merrymaking, and the friends came from far and near and looked for much jollity.

Out in the road near the shepherd's cottage, on the day of the feast, was a fun-loving rogue of a peddler. He had not been asked to the sheep-shearing, but that did not fret him; he knew that he could make himself welcome.

All the country people loved songs, and he could sing. He was always singing. As he waited for some chance to enter he began:

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

On the shepherd's lawn the mirth had hardly begun. The shepherd was urging his adopted daughter, Perdita, to lay aside her shyness and welcome his guests. Perdita,



dressed in white, was mistress of the feast. Garlands of flowers floated from her shoulders and hair, and on her arm hung a basket from which she could take more.

Soon, stepping forward, she offered her flowers to the guests; to each comer she gave the blossoms best suited to his age and station. To the elder men she said:

Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

To which one of them made answer:

Shepherdess, —
A fair one are you — well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Perdita passed on to the others, saying:

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Then said one of the "men of middle age":

I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

But Perdita replied, laughing:

Out, alas!
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

In vain she searched her basket for flowers fit to give to the young girls.

> Now, my fair'st friend,
> I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
> Become your time of day; and yours, and yours.

She turned from one to the other. The flowers of the spring are past, she can only go on wishing:

> Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath; . . . bold oxlips and
> The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
> To make you garlands of.

But soon a dance began, and spring and its vanished flowers were forgotten.

As the dance went on a servant came and plucked the shepherd's son by the sleeve, and whispered, "O master, if you did but hear the peddler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes."

This pleased the shepherd's son, and he said, "He could never come better; he shall come in."

The servant prattled on, "He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; . . . cambrics, lawns, why he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses!"

The shepherd's son said impatiently, "Prythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing."

So in came our rogue, gayly singing his wares:

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

The lads and lasses crowded round him, making such a clamor that the shepherd's son beckoned to them and to the peddler, saying: "My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Follow me, girls. I'll buy for you both. Peddler, let's have the first choice."

And the merry peddler, having gained what he wanted, a welcome at the sheep-shearing, led away the throng, singing again:

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the peddler; money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

Autol'ycus. — **Od'yssey**: the adventures of Ulysses. — **hent**: grasp. — **seeming**: looks. — **Per'dita**: the lost one. "The Winter's Tale" tells how Perdita was lost and found. — **rose'mary and rue**: herbs which keep fresh throughout the winter. According to tradition, rosemary helps the memory; rue was called the herb of grace, because it was used at church to sprinkle holy water. From the herb's bitter taste comes the secondary meaning of the word, — bitter sorrow. — **lavender**: an herb with a spicy smell. — **take the winds**: Shakespeare often uses *take* instead of *delight* or *please*. This is no longer considered good English, though ignorant persons sometimes say, in similar fashion, "That takes me." — **Juno**: wife of Jupiter, chief of the Roman gods. Her Greek name was Hera. — **Cythere'a**: Venus, goddess of love. — **oxlips**: cowslips. — **flower-de-luce**: fleur-de-lis. — **tabor and pipe**: a tabor was a small drum, beaten with one wooden stick. The pipe was a musical reed or wooden tube. — **tell money**: count it. — **as he had**: as if he had. — **Pryth'ee**: I pray thee. — **cyprus**: crape, a thin, black stuff called cyprus from the island of Cyprus, where it was first manufactured. — **amber**: a yellowish resin, often found as a fossil on the seashore. — **quoifs**: capes or hoods; sometimes pronounced *koifs*. — **stomacher** (stŭm'*a*k-ẽr): an ornamental covering for the front of a waist. — **poking-stick**: a small metal rod which was heated and used to plait collars and ruffs. — **lack**: need. The street cry of peddlers used to be "What d' ye lack?" — **duck**: pet. — **meddler**: a busybody; one who meddles. — **utter**: cause to pass in trade.

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT COMMONER

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE. — This selection is to be found in "The Virginians," one of Thackeray's great novels, in which is also the poem "Pocahontas" (see Book Four, page 93). The novel gives an account of an interesting period of American history from an Englishman's point of view.

A hundred years ago the King's drawing-room was open almost every day to his nobility and gentry; and loyalty, especially since the war had begun, could gratify itself a score of times in a month with the august sight of the sovereign.

George Warrington, who had never been in a palace before, had leisure to admire the place and regard the people around him. Whilst they were discoursing the door of the King's apartments opened, and the pages entered, preceding His Majesty. He was followed by his burly son, His Royal Highness the Duke, a very corpulent prince, with a coat and face of blazing scarlet; behind them came various gentlemen and officers of state, among whom George at once recognized the famous Mr. Secretary Pitt, by his tall stature, his eagle eye and beak, his grave and majestic presence. As I see that solemn figure passing, even a hundred years ago, I protest I feel a present awe and a desire to take my hat off. I am not frightened at

George the Second; nor are my eyes dazzled by the portentous appearance of His Royal Highness the Duke of Culloden and Fontenoy, but the Great Commoner, the terrible Cornet of Horse! His figure bestrides our narrow isle of a century back, like a Colossus; and I hush as he



WILLIAM PITT

passes in his gouty shoes, his thunderbolt hand wrapped in flannel. Perhaps as we see him now, issuing with dark looks from the royal closet, angry scenes have been passing between him and his august master. He has been boring that old monarch for hours with prodigious long speeches,

full of eloquence, voluble with the noblest phrases upon the commonest topics; but, it must be confessed, utterly repulsive to the little, shrewd old gentleman, "at whose feet he lays himself," as the phrase is. The sublime Minister passes solemnly through the crowd; the company ranges itself respectfully round the wall; and His Majesty walks round the circle, his royal son lagging a little behind, and engaging select individuals in conversation for his own part.

The monarch is a little, keen, fresh-colored old man, with very protruding eyes, attired in plain, old-fashioned, snuff-colored clothes and brown stockings, his only ornament the blue ribbon of his Order of the Garter. He speaks in a German accent, but with ease, shrewdness, and simplicity, addressing those individuals whom he has a mind to notice, or passing on with a bow.

the Great Commoner: William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. He was a great statesman and a brilliant orator. To Americans his life is of interest because of his opposition to the Stamp Act. — **the war**: the Seven Years' War, known in this country as the French and Indian War. — **the King**: George II. — **Cornet of Horse**: leader of the cavalry. — **Colossus**: a gigantic statue, which is said to have stood astride the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes. While it is possible that a huge statue once stood at the mouth of the harbor, it is highly improbable that ships could pass under it. — **gouty shoes**: Pitt was a lifelong sufferer from the gout. — **thunderbolt hand**: a hand of power, like Jove's, which wielded thunderbolts. — **Order of the Garter**: a military order of knighthood founded by Edward III. Its members are of the highest rank.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW

CELIA THAXTER

By yonder sandy cove where every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about.

And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying with none to heed.

But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.

And then, oh then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain;
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.

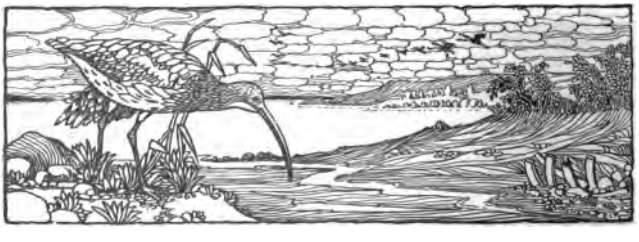
Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
And shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food, and stay,
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
Brings tears of wistfulness;
Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
None may his wrong redress.

O bright-eyed boy! was there no better way
A moment's joy to gain,
Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
With such despairing pain?

O children, drop the gun, the cruel stone!
Oh, listen to my words!
And hear with me the wounded curlew moan —
Have mercy on the birds!



GRANDMOTHER

Hans Christian Andersen

Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer of stories for children, was born in 1805 and died in 1875. His childhood was full of hardships, for his mother was very poor, and he was a timid, awkward child, who had few friends. Even when he grew older he was laughed at, but at last he made the world listen to his charming stories. His tale of "The Ugly Duckling" is the story of his own boyhood, of the pain of being ridiculed, and the glad surprise that was his when he found himself praised and admired.

Grandmother is very old; she has many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes, which are still as bright as two stars and even more beautiful, look at one in a kind and friendly way, and it does one good to gaze into them. Then, too, she can tell the most charming stories, and she has a gown with great big flowers worked upon it, and it is made of good, heavy silk that rustles.

Grandmother knows a great deal, for she was born long before father and mother, that 's quite certain. Grandmother has a hymn book with great silver clasps, and very often reads out of it; in the middle of it lies a rose, quite flat and dry. It is not so beautiful as the roses she has standing in the glass, and yet she smiles at it more pleasantly than at the others, and it even makes the tears come into her eyes.

I wonder why grandmother looks at the faded flower like that! Do you know? Every time that grandmother's tears fall upon the flower the color becomes fresh again, the rose swells up and fills the whole room with its fragrance; the walls sink as if they were only mist, and all around her is the glorious greenwood, where the sun shines through the foliage of the trees; and grandmother — why, she is quite young again, she is a charming girl with fair curls, with full, rosy cheeks, pretty and graceful, and fresher than any rose; but the eyes, those gentle, happy eyes — yes, they still belong to grandmother. Beside her sits a young man, handsome and strong. He puts the rose into her hand, and she smiles, — grandmother does not smile like that! And now he is gone, and grandmother sits there again, an old lady, looking at a withered rose.

Now grandmother is dead. She was sitting in her armchair, telling a beautiful, long, long story; then she said that the story was ended, and that she was tired; so she leaned back her head to sleep a little. Her breathing could be heard as she slept; but it became lighter and lighter, and her countenance was full of happiness and peace. It seemed as if sunshine rested on her features; she smiled again, and then they said she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin; there she lay shrouded

in white linen, looking gentle and beautiful, though her eyes were closed; but every wrinkle had vanished, and she lay there with a smile upon her lips. Her hair was silver white and venerable, and we were not afraid to look upon her who was still our dear, kind-hearted grandmother.

And the hymn book was placed under her head, as she had herself wished, and the rose lay in the old book. Then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close to the church wall, they planted a rose tree. It was full of roses, and the nightingale flew singing over the flowers and the grave. On the organ inside the church were played the most beautiful psalms that were contained in the old book under the head of the dead. The moon shone down upon the grave, but the dead one was not there; every child could go there safely at night and pluck a rose from the churchyard wall.

The leaves of the hymn book are dust, and into dust has crumbled the rose with all its recollections. But above there bloom fresh roses; there the nightingale sings and the organ peals, and there lives the remembrance of the old grandmother with the gentle, ever youthful eyes. Eyes can never die. Ours will one day behold grandmother again, young and beautiful, as when for the first time she kissed the fresh red rose that is now dust in the grave.

Abridged.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

(A Story from Shakespeare's "As You Like It")

Nina Moore Tiffany

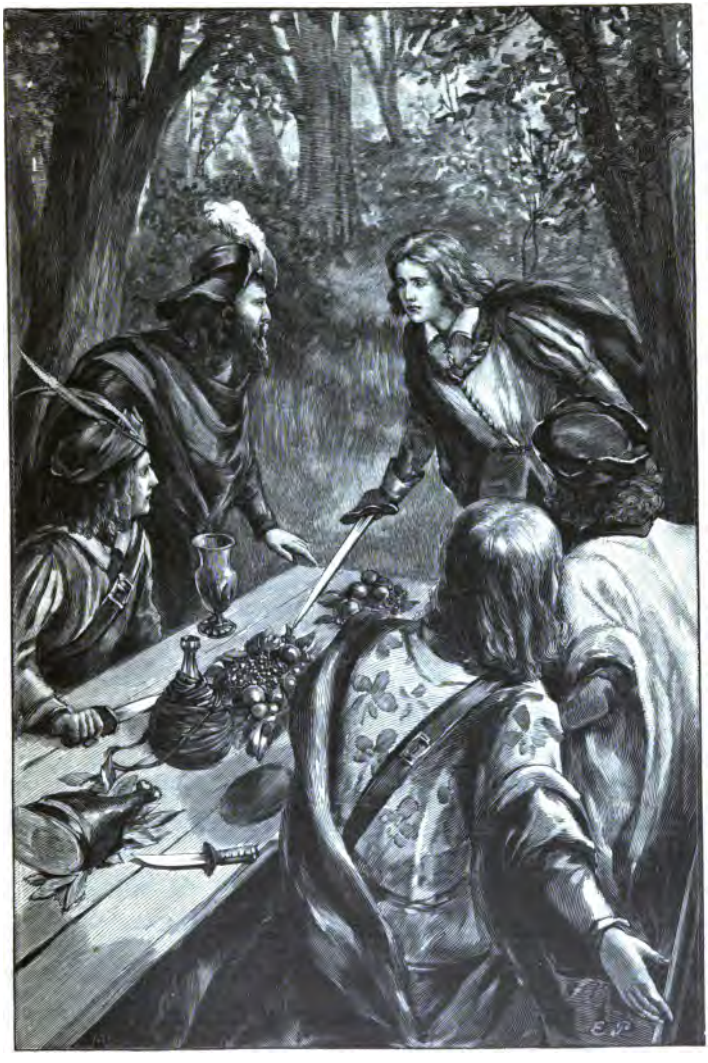
Note. — The play of "As You Like It" is one of Shakespeare's great comedies. The lines quoted here give an idea of the wild, free, woodland life which it represents, and of the scenes where philosophy is mixed with bits of exquisite description. The character of Adam is specially interesting, because it is probable that Shakespeare himself once played the part.

Through the forest of Arden wandered Orlando, famished, footsore, faint, and weary. He had been driven from home by an unkind brother, and was all alone in the world with one faithful follower, his aged servant, Adam.

Adam had followed his young master out of pure love; strength failed him now, and he sat, almost dying of hunger, and not able to take another step.

In this same forest of Arden was a duke who had lost his dukedom. He had gathered about him a few foresters and two or three lords, who had chosen to be banished with him, and they made a merry company.

At the time when Orlando and Adam were nearly perishing for lack of something to eat, the duke's company were spreading their simple feast under the trees, and one of them, Amiens, was singing:



Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

The laying of the table still went on, and all joined in the second stanza, even the melancholy Jaques.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Suddenly, and before they had more than seated themselves around the table, a youth with drawn sword rushed upon them. It was Orlando.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more!
Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

. . . . . .

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.

Jaq. An you will not be answerèd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*]

[*Reënter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.]

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

So Amiens sang to these men, who had been ill-treated by other men, a song in praise of the forest:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Adapted.

the forest of Arden: Ardennes, France. There was, however, a forest of Arden near Shakespeare's own home, and this was doubtless in the poet's mind. — **for'ester**: an officer appointed to take care of a forest and to look after the game. — **Amiens** (ă'mi-an'). — **Jaques** (jāk'wĕs): an unhappy nobleman attending the Duke. — **answerèd**: satisfied. — **an**: if. — **knolled**: chimed. — **enforce'ment**: assistance; reënforcement. — **sufficed**: satisfied. — **fall to**: begin. — **unkind**: unnatural; against the laws of kindred. — **because thou art not seen**: there is much discussion as to the meaning of this line. One edition reads "because thou art foreseen." — **nigh**: closely. — **the waters warp**: ice changes the appearance of water. The original meaning of *warp* was change, as in this case. From this we get the meaning which is common now of *shrink*. — **as friend remembered not**: as a friend feels who is forgotten.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS, known as the "silver-tongued orator," was born in Boston in 1811. His heart went out to those who suffered from oppression and injustice. He died in 1884, having spent his life as the champion of human liberty. For many years the rule of England over Ireland was hard and severe. It was natural that Phillips should sympathize with the Irish people and admire their leader, Daniel O'Connell.

I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the elcquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equaled, O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor

had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all.

There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent, — infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. I saw him at over sixty-six years of age; every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace. You could only think of a greyhound as you looked at him; it would have been delicious to have watched him, if he had not spoken a word.

His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

> Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went, —
> Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sob or laughter answered as it willed.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, Clay could magnetize the million. O'Connell was Clay, Everett, and Webster in one. He was once summoned to court out of the hunting field, when a young friend of his of humble birth was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat found near the body of the murdered man, which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence,

confuse the testimony, and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances; but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the circumstances, and taking up the hat (in evidence) said to the witness, "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, that is Mike's hat." "How do you know it?" "I will swear to it, sir." "And did you really find it by the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you're not ready to swear to that?" "I am, indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hangs on your word? A human soul. And with that dread burden, are you ready to tell this jury that the hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to the prisoner?" "Yes, Mr. O'Connell; yes, I am."

O'Connell takes the hat to the nearest window and peers into it, — "J-a-m-e-s, James. Now, Pat, did you see that name in the hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell." "You knew it was there?" "Yes, sir; I read it after I picked it up." "There is no name in the hat, Your Honor."

O'Connell had neither office nor title. Behind him were three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them, and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful

struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offense, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets, — any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness, — his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose, — that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race ever produced.

Webster, Everett, Choate, Calhoun', Clay: all were great American orators. — **Demos'thenes**: a famous Greek orator. — **trib'une**: a Roman officer whose duty it was to defend the rights of the people; literally, a tribesman. — **Mir'abeau**: a leader in the French Revolution. — **Bul'wer**: an English author.

LULLABY

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE. — Tennyson's verse is marked by perfection of form and finish. Note the melody of these lines, due in great measure to the successful repetition of sounds. *Wind* and *western*, *breathe* and *blow*, and *silver sails* are instances of this happy use of what Churchill called "apt alliteration's artful aid."

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822 —), a Boston minister and author, is one of the foremost figures of his time. His influence as a writer and as a worker for humanity has been strongly felt.

NOTE. — "The Man Without a Country" has been called the best short story in American literature. Its purpose was to quicken the patriotism not only of the soldiers and sailors in actual service, but of all people who were called upon to support the government. This is a brief selection, and gives only a hint of the power of the original.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West." When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met this gay young fellow, and induced him to turn traitor to his country.

Nolan was brought before the courts in the great treason trial at Richmond, and was proved guilty enough; yet we should never have heard of him but that, when the president of the court asked him whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out: "Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

The judge was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had

cried, "God save King George!" he would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say: "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make certain that he never saw or heard of the country. There was no going home for him, even to a prison. . . .

According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own room, which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it

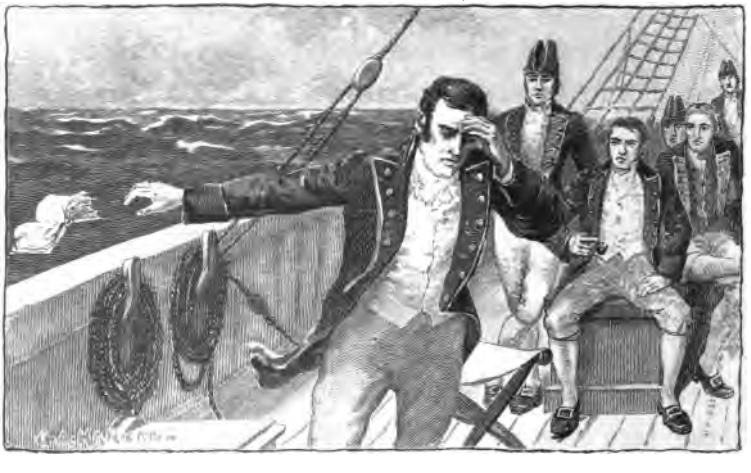
bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message.

Among the books lent to him was a copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that. So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when some of us were sitting on deck, and took his turn in reading aloud. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only that it was all magic and chivalry and was hundreds of years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute, and then began, without a thought of what was coming, —

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said, —
This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw that something was the matter, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —



Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well, —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite enough presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on, —

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self, —

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, and vanished into his stateroom.

I first came to understand something about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese.

Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan.

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as they could understand. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping, dancing, and kissing of Nolan's feet!

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: "They say, 'Not Palmas.' They say, 'Take us home; take us to our own country; take us to our own house; take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.'"

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home."

And after some fashion Nolan said so.

And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But Nolan could not stand it long, and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven.

"Stick by your family, boy; forget that you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home,

boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now.

"And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag.

"Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother."

Adapted.

Legion of the West: a name given at one time to the Western division of the army. — **Aaron Burr**: a brilliant but unscrupulous American politician. He was suspected of trying to form in Mexico and the Southern States a hostile government. He was tried for treason, and though he was not proved guilty, he was never again trusted by his countrymen. — **mess**: a number of a ship's crew who eat at the same table. — **marines**: soldiers on a man-of-war; not members of the crew. — **insig'nia**: badge. — **"The Lay of the Last Minstrel"**: a poem by Sir Walter Scott. — **overhauled**: overtook. — **Cape Palmas**: a headland on the west coast of Africa. — **pickaninnies**: small children. — **stern sheets**: the part of a boat near the stern which is furnished with seats. — **gave way**: began to row.

HOHENLINDEN

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777–1844) was a great Scottish poet. His soul-stirring lyrics are among the most beautiful in the English language. He was the author of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Glenara," "Ye Mariners of England," and other poems.

NOTE.—On Dec. 3, 1800, when Campbell was a young man of twenty-three, he saw the battle of Hohenlinden, which took place at the village of that name in Upper Bavaria. In this battle the French defeated the Austrians.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

Iser (e′zer).

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE[1]

SIDNEY LANIER

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

[1] From "The Centennial Cantata." Copyright, 1885, by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.



WORD LIST

aban'donment
ab'besses
absorb'ing
absurd'ity
accost'ed
accu'mulated
accus'toming
ac'me
acquaint'ance
acquired'
activ'ity
ad'dled
advan'tage
adven'turers
adver'tisement
afflict'ed
ag'ony
al'chemist
allitera'tion
allu'sion
aloof'
am'ethyst
amid'ships
anal'ysis
an'chored
anem'ones
anima'tion
an'thracite
antic'ipating
antique'
appar'ently
appari'tion
ap'petite
approv'al
ar'butus
ar'mory
ar'rogance
artil'lery
ascent'
ascertain'
as'pect
assem'blage
associa'tion
assort'ment
assur'ance
astron'omer
atilt'
at'mosphere
audac'ity
au'dience
au'ditory
auro'ra
author'ity
aver'sion
awe'-strickenly

bag'pipe
ban'ishment
bar'riers
bat'tledoor
bat'tling
bay'onets
beau'teous
belat'ed
bemoan'
benef'icence
ben'efits
benign'
benig'nantly
berat'ed
bethought'
betray'
bev'erage
bewil'dered
big'otry
bil'ious
bou'levards
bound'aries

brace'let
bram'bly
bran'dished
broid'ered
bronzed
bul'letin
buoy'ant

café'
calam'ity
calcula'tion
cal'umny
cam'brics
can'didates
can'to
capac'ity
car'dinal
career'ing
carouse'
caste
cathe'dral
cav'ernous
cel'andine
cel'ebrate
celes'tial
centen'nial
ceremo'nious
certif'icate
cessa'tion
chal'lenge
cham'berlain
cham'pion
change'ling
chaot'ic
char'ity
cher'ished
cher'ub
chiv'alry
cir'cuit
civ'ilized
clam'orous
cleans'ing
clois'tered
clus'tering
coin'cidence
col'onists
combina'tion
come'ly
com'mented
com'merce
commo'tion
commu'nicated
compete'
complex'ion
complied'
com'rade
concen'tered
confid'ing
con'gregated
conjec'tured
consid'erable
considera'tion
consoled'
conspic'uous
con'stancy
constella'tions
con'sul
consulta'tion
contin'uous
con'trast (noun)
copse
cord'age
corrup'tion
coun'tenance
coun'terpart
coura'geous
court'iers
crev'ices
crim'inal
cross'grained
cruise
crusad'ers
cul'tivate
cu'rate
cym'bal

dec'orated
ded'icated
dem'onstrates
denom'inated
deposed'
descrip'tive
desir'able

des'olate
despair'ing
des'tined
deterred'
diffused'
disadvan'tages
discern'
discontent'ment
discord'ant
discourse'
disgust'ed
disin'terestedness
dispropor'tioned
disput'ed
disregard'ed
distin'guished
disturbed'
divan'
doc'ile
dole'fully
domain'
domestic'ity
dramat'ic
dra'peries

ed'dying
ed'ifice
effect'ive
e'gress
elec'tion
el'egance
eleva'tion
el'oquence
embar'rassing
embos'omed
em'eralds
encoun'ter
endure'
energet'ic
enforce'ment
engen'der
engrav'ings
enliv'ened
enor'mous
ensu'ing
en'terprise
en'viable
e'olis
epit'ome
essen'tial
estima'tion
eter'nity
exam'ining
excel'
ex'cellency
excep'tional
excess'
exclama'tion
exem'plified
exhaus'tion
expect'ant
expen'sive
explor'ers
export' (verb)
exten'sive
extract'ing
extraor'dinary
extrem'ities
exulta'tion

facil'ity
fal'low
familiar'ity
fam'ished
fascina'tion
fatigue'
feign'ing
fertil'ity
festoons'
fi'brous
fic'tion
fidel'ity
fil'agree
fil'ial
flag'ons
flar'ing
flut'ed
fo'liage
fon'dling
forbid'ding
for'eigner
foresee'ing
frater'nity

fren'zy
fulfill'ment
fur'tive

gainsaid'
gal'ley
gam'bol
gar'net
gen'eral
gigan'tic
gla'cier
glaz'ing
gloam'ing
gos'ling
gout'y
gra'cious
grad'ually
gran'deur
gro'ceries
gros'beak
gross'ness
guarantees'

habita'tion
har'lequin
har'monized
heigh'-ho
hel'meted
hesita'tion
hilar'ity
hol'othure
hos'tile
howsoev'er
human'ity
humilia'tion
hu'morist
hur'ricane
hymene'al

i'cicles
ide'alized
i'dol
i'dyls
illu'minating
ill-us'age
imag'inative
imbued'
impar'tially
impe'rial
impe'riously
import' (verb)
im'potent
incar'nadined
in'cident
inclo'sure
incommu'nicably
inconven'iency
incrust'ed
independ'ent
individ'uals
induced'
indus'trious
inex'orable
inexpress'ibly
in'famous
in'fancy
infer'nal
inflict'
infus'ing
ingrat'itude
inhab'itants
iniq'uity
ini'tials
inscrip'tion
insig'nia
inspect'or
inspira'tion
instruc'tion
intact'
intersperse'
intol'erable
intox'icate
inunda'tion
invert'ed
irresist'ible
isola'tion

jave'lins
jeal'ousy
jer'kin
joc'und
jollifica'tion
jour'nalist

jour'ney
joy'ance
jurisdic'tion

knap'sack
knolled
knowl'edge

labo'rious
lam'preys
land'scape
lat'itude
lav'ender
lav'ing
lav'ishly
lec'tured
lei'sure
lemonade'
lep'ers
liberal'ity
li'censing
li'chen
lig'atures
loca'tion
log'ic
loi'ter
lon'gitude
low'ering
lu'dicrous
lum'bering
lu'minous

lux'ury

magazine'
mag'netism
mag'nitude
mahog'any
maintain'
maledic'tions
mali'cious
mal'low
man'ifest
mar'gin
mar'guerites
mar'igold
mar'joram
mat'ins
med'itate
mel'ancholy
min'istered
min'uteman
misfor'tune
mishap'
mis'tletoe
modera'tion
moil'ing
mo'mentarily
mon'arch
mon'astery
monoma'niac
mon'strous
mortal'ity

mosqui'toes
moun'tainous
mul'berries
mul'lein
multitu'dinous
mus'cular
muse'um
mus'ing
myr'iad

nar'rative
na'tional
nat'urally
neces'sity
neg'atived
not'able
nu'merous
nurs'ery
nut'hatches

oblit'erator
obliv'ious
observa'tion
ob'stacles
on'set
opaque'
opos'sum
oppress'ive
or'ator
or'chestra
or'dinary

o'riel
or'igin
o'rioles
ostenta'tion
outland'ish
outstretched'
ova'tion
overhauled'
overseer'
overwhelm'ing

palled
par'apet
parish'ioner
par'tial
pasha'
pat'ent
pathet'ically
patri'cian
pa'triotism
pea'cock
peas'ant
pen'dulous
pen'sive
percep'tion
per'ishing
perplex'ity
persecu'tion
per'secutors
persist'ence
per'sonal
persuade'
pervad'ed
phar'macy
philos'ophy
pick'aninnies
picturesque'
pierced
pil'fer
pil'lared
pim'pernel
plow'share
plun'dered
politi'cian
pon'derously
pop'ulous
por'celain
por'ridge
portent'ous
portfo'lio
pot'tery
prac'tically
precau'tion
prec'ipice
precise'ly
predom'inate
prelim'inaries
pres'sure
prime'val
prim'rose
prin'ciple
proces'sion
proclaim'
prodi'giously
produc'tion
profound'est
proph'ecy (noun)
proph'esy (verb)
prophet'ic
propor'tions
pros'perous
prov'ince
pul'sating
pur'port
pur'posed
pursuit'
pyg'mies

qual'ity
quay
quoifs

ra'diance
ram'part
ran'dom
rap'tures
rav'elings
rav'ing
real'ities
recess'es
rec'ognized
recollec'tions
recur'rent

redress'
regard'
regula'tion
rehearse'
relapse'
repeti'tion
repul'sive
request'ed
requit'ed
resem'blance
reserva'tion
resist'less
resolu'tion
resour'ces
rest'lessness
restora'tion
retained'
reveil'le
rev'elry
revere'
rev'erie
rhet'oric
ri'oting
rose'mary
roun'del
rue
ru'ral
ruth'less

saluta'tion
sap'phire
saun'ter
scen'ery
schol'ar
sculp'tured
sem'icircles
sen'sual
sen'tinel
sep'ulcher
se'quel
se'riousness
sev'er
shagreen'
sher'bet
shrewd'ness
shut'tlecocks
siege
simplic'ity
sim'ulated
sin'ews
skulked
slip'pery
sluic'er
smol'dering
sobri'ety
sol'itary
sor'did
sov'ereign
spa'cious
spar'ry
spasmod'ically
sphinx
spright'ly
stam'ina
stat'ue
stat'ure
sta'tus
stead'fastly
stealth'y
steppe
stud'ded
stu'pefied
stupen'dous
submis'sive
suc'cored
succumbed'
suf'ferer
sul'phurous
sum'moning
supernat'ural
sur'ly
surmount'ed
surren'der
surround'ing
swel'ter
syl'lable

ta'bor
tal'ons
tan'ager
tap'estry
tel'escope
ten'tacles

ter'minate
ter'ritory
tes'timony
thencefor'ward
thor'oughly
thun'derous
toi'let
torna'do
tor'ture
tot'tering
tra'cery
tract'able
tradi'tions
trag'ic
trai'tor
tranquil'lity
transfig'ured
transformed'
tran'sitory
translu'cent
trea'son
tre'bles
tun'neling
tur'baned

twit'tering
typ'ified
tyr'anny

unassum'ing
undula'tions
unencum'bered
unique'
unobtru'sive
unpop'ular
unresist'ing
unscru'pulous
unseem'ly
unwit'tingly
upbraid'ing
ur'ban

va'cant
val'or
van'dals
van'quished
var'nished
venera'tion
ven'ison
vic'ar
vice'roy
vi'olence
vir'eo
vis'age
vis'itant
vis'or
vol'uble
volu'minous

watch'fulness
whatsoev'er
wield'ed
win'nowed
won'drous
world'lings
wrenched
wretch'edness

yearn

ze'nith
zig'zagging

